



The magazine devoted to pleasure

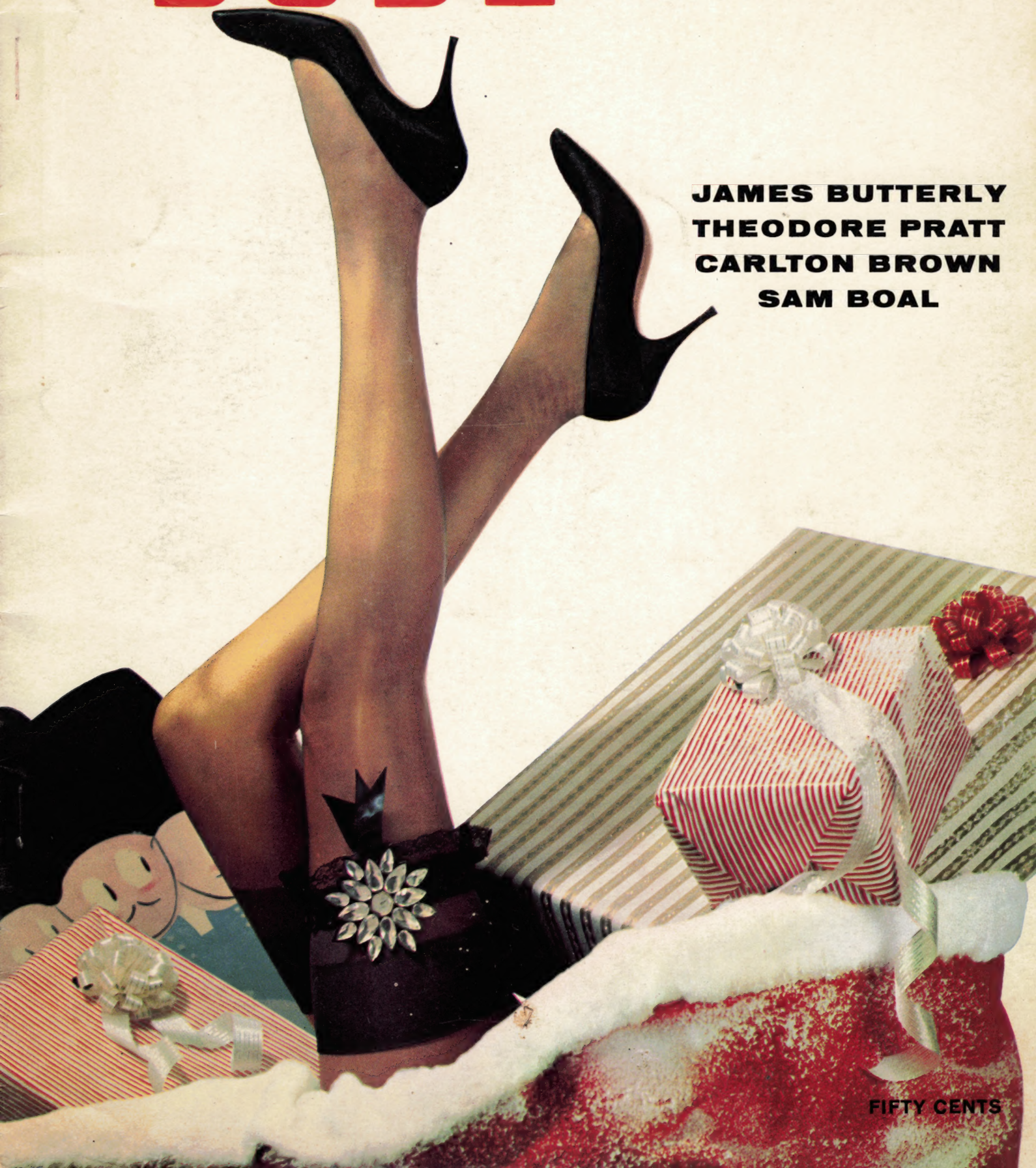
JANUARY, 1959



THE

DUDE

**JAMES BUTTERLY
THEODORE PRATT
CARLTON BROWN
SAM BOAL**



FIFTY CENTS



"Rally round the flag, boys..." *page 35.*



THE DUDE



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the Magazine Devoted to Pleasure

EDITOR — Bruce Elliott

MANAGING EDITOR — Nathaniel Lehrman

PRODUCTION MANAGER — Selma P. Olson

ADVERTISING DIRECTOR — Scott R. Gary

BUSINESS MANAGER — Frederick A. Klein

ART DIRECTOR — Maurice Murray

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RIGHT DRESS

Wilson Cantrell

Honey, please . . . you're scratching my back. If you've got to fondle me, why don't you try it some other time? I'm wearing my new cashmere today and the jacket can't take too much wear. Just a minute and I'll take it off.

Now see honey, this jacket is the greatest. It's wrinkle resistant, and it's made of the new cashmere—so strong I can use it for years and it won't wear through. Of course, you can't dig your nails into it, but otherwise it'll hold up pretty well.

Now take a gander at these lapels, high nitched and high cut. This is the big swing for the cold weather. And catch the color, baby, stripes, very small, and very subdued. (See daring photograph below.)



Why, just the other day I went over to Gladson of England to pick out the materials. They say the dark colors and stripes are *it*, kid: pin stripes and chalk stripes and very light fabrics. The styles will still be Italian but a new hombray strip will be popular. This will be a jacket with a graduated effect from light to dark to light striping.

Now honey, please watch it, you're . . . my belt? . . . I haven't got a belt. You see, after I left Gladson of Eng-

land, I went over to the Berwick Tailors on East 47th Street and got them to make this suit for me, and they made it without a belt. This is the new style baby. See, it hooks over on this side and there are different catches which you can fasten as loose or as tight as you want. (See amazing photo below.) Yeh, it unhooks by



just pulling at it . . . yeh, thats right.

Honey I . . . the cuffs??? Well these pants haven't got any cuffs. That's the new Italian style, too, but they still have very small pleats. They're cut very narrow in the pants leg.

Can't you see? Honey don't pull at 'em that way . . . well the least you can do is hang them up. Not that they need it, 'cause these pants are wrinkle proof, just like the jacket.

Say, before you hang up the jacket, let me show you this real keen design.

It's my new double breasted vest, and it goes with a single breasted jacket. This is what they call a continental look. It makes me look thinner. . . . Well, you don't look half bad yourself, kid.

Anyway, as I was saying, these people over at Berwick Tailors are selling a lot of lightweight fabrics . . . mostly eleven ounces for the fall. Even during the winter, suits will be lighter. And there's no more vent in the back of the jacket, either.

I've always said that the best bet is to go to a custom tailor like Berwick and they'll know the top styles right off the bat. Now hang them up carefully.

These socks??? Oh, I didn't think you'd notice them. Well, they're the stretch kind and they're reversible.

See, I can wear them one way, and they're black, and if I turn 'em around on the other side, they're brown.

It isn't that I can't afford to buy a lot of socks, but it's so much easier this way. When I have to reach into the drawer, I can get one pair and it's always the right color. Yeh, I like 'em, too.

Hey, watch out, you're tickling me. This undershirt was built to keep me warm, but this is too much. These large checks in the cloth are air pockets. So, in the wintertime, even if I don't wear a coat, I'm still warm as hell.

Gee, it is hot in here. Actually this shirt is made of cotton and silk for warmth and smooooothness. That's what makes it feel so nice to touch . . . almost like skin.

You want a closer look? Sure. Here. Well, I guess girls can wear it, too. As a matter of fact I think there's a special style out for girls utilizing the same idea.

Oh, my shorts . . . well I picked them up about a week ago. You like this color. Real jazzy, eh? I wasn't going to get a fire engine red, but I figured it would be a conversation piece.

They also had a lot of other colors and some pretty unusual designs, but I wouldn't mention them to you 'cause you're a lady.

Men's shorts are coming into their own, these days. They've got different styles, some short, some long, some low, some high, some with "V" cuts on the outside leg for free movement, some with snaps, some with buttons, and some even come with adhesive. These are like that.

It's the newest thing, honey. There are two pieces of plastic, see. One on the outside flap and one on the inside flap, and when you put them together they stick.

Just a little pull and they come apart. It's very easy to do and they don't stick to anything else.

This adhesive will probably replace buttons and snaps in a year, because you can adjust them to any size waist when you fasten your shorts. Honest, honey, I'm not stretching the truth one bit.

Of course it's a great invention honey. It's the easiest thing in the world to operate.

See, you just grab this end on the left with one hand and then pull . . . that's right.

ON THE HOUSE



Matty Simmons

A few months ago, we described the exhilaration of a three-day trip to Las Vegas. We emphasized that a visit any longer than that could be jarring on the nerves.

This statement drew quite some comment from Las Vegasites, who claimed that we had rapped their fair city by knocking it for the two-week vacationer. We meant no abuse. We said then, and we say now, that Las Vegas should be visited. It is perhaps the most exciting city in the world. But excitement needs a time limit, or it stops being exciting and joins the humdrum. A three-day stay is still the prescription for Las Vegas.

We revisited the city for perhaps the twentieth time this past month and something new has been added . . . nudity. At the new Stardust, the Lido show from Paris is creating what is probably the most eye-opening stir that this eye-opening town has ever been jabbed with. The girls are lovely. They are quite undressed and they are more than quite interesting. In addition, there is a no-name show here that is as good as any star-packed show we have ever seen. The acts are all veteran European vaudeville headliners—but they are the very best—the very funniest—the most talented of their kind now around.

But, let's face it—the bare bosoms are the thing. That's what brings about 4,000 people a night into this spectacular new show place.

At the Dunes, the Minskys have set up a show with still more big-breasted attractions. But nowhere is the showmanship or the grandeur or the excitement that which you find at the Stardust. As a matter of fact, it is rather gaudy, bawdy and much too obviously a play on nudity—pure nudity—to be really interesting.

Other shows we caught while in town included Johnny Mathis at the Sands and the Ritz Brothers at the Flamingo. Mathis is a better than fair singer, which is more than can be said for most of the current teen favorites. He's got lots of stage presence, despite a sometimes dreamy quality.

Harry Ritz, the mainstay of the Ritz Brothers, continues to be one of the funniest men alive. He is strictly a clown and a buffoon—no subtleties here. He's exclusively of the pie in the kisser school. His mugging is preposterous, but preposterously funny.

The most interesting act we caught in Las Vegas was not on view in one of the big night clubs—it was Schecky Green's offerings in the lounge at the Riviera. Green is one of the fastest wits we have ever seen on stage and he's a very funny man who is destined to become one of the great name comedians.

From Las Vegas we traveled to Los Angeles, where we visited Dean Martin's "New Strip Sunset" Restaurant, Dino's, a most attractive dining place with lush decor and a big backdrop of Los Angeles townships as seen from a perch, high atop Beverly Hills. Food's better than average, although not spectacular.

Other capsule reports in Los Angeles cover a fairly amusing show at Ben Blue's in Santa Monica, and some superb seafood at Jack's On The Beach in the same township.

And that was that for the trip.



IN YOUR HAT

Theodore Pratt, whose story on page 16 should give you a chortle or two, has a collection of his Florida tales (for which he is best known) due out March 1st. It's called "Florida Roundabout," and is published by Duell, Sloan and Pearce.

Ever anxious to keep you up to date on the doings of your not particularly humble editor, I thought you might be interested in this photo.

It shows Bonnie Cole, co-author of the Broadway hit "Fair Game," sitting next to me while I present a painting of the great lover and gourmet, Cyrano de Bergerac, to the host of Cyrano's restaurant here in Manhattan. Mine host, Pierre Dellapina, was inordinately pleased with the portrait, as well he might be, since it was a gift from The Dude to him as one of N.Y.'s outstanding restaurateurs.



(L. to r.) Bonnie Cole, b.e., Pierre Dellapina.

As an example of type-casting, Bonnie is scheduled to pose as Roxanne, the heroine of Rostand's classic, for a new mural to be displayed in the restaurant. The artist is William Kehoe.

Here I go along, minding my own business, as an aging gentleman should, and I'm sitting dr . . . sitting . . . in the Bird 'n Glass, one of the more soignee bistros about town (and a good one to hit after ten o'clock if you're in Manhattantown), and looking over to my left, eavesdropping like mad, I hear a gentleman say (and how many times have you heard or said it yourself?), "Do you have the time, dear?"

Instead of the stale gag about, "Yes, but I don't have the inclination," the lady in question (see pic)



Singing, dancing star of Folies Bergères, Christine Niky at well known Bird 'n Glass.

astounds all and sundry by whipping up her skirt and taking a gander at her "Gartier" (a garter with built-in watch!). Where it will all end, knows nobody. But it's a switch and a fad, and maybe, buddy boy, you'd better get on the bandwagon . . . time has a habit of running out, you know. . . b.e.



queen's
corner



key chain combination

From Italy cometh this miniature pair of pliers and a screwdriver. The key chain is brass and the tool case is genuine leather—designed to be useful and durable. Extremely handy for the fixiteer. Fiddle with these over martinis and maybe the hint will bury itself way down deep in her subconscious. \$2.50



slide rule tie clasp

A working slide rule tie clasp in sterling silver or gold plated. Be he an engineer, architect, draftsman, designer, accountant, businessman or student, this is something he will cherish for a lifetime. Decorative and useful—accurate and distinctive. Fully calibrated with scales A, C and D. Specify sterling silver or gold plate. \$6.95



"aristocrat" French poodle

This high-brow little gal will add the final touch to any room in your home or apartment. She is seductive, rouged and eye-shadowed, and made of either gold or silver lamé. Real fur but never needs clipping. Comes already house-broken. Specify color when ordering: choice of either white, pink, coral, blue or green. \$8.



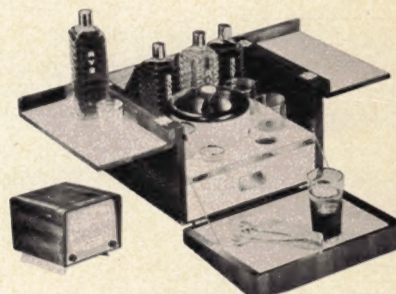
"emit"

"Emit" is a crazy clock: it keeps accurate time backwards! Tell your girl you'll leave "tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow" as it "creeps in its petty pace"—backwards, according to this wacky time piece. Authentic gay 90's design, beautifully engraved in lustrous gold finish with simulated winding stem. 7½" wide, 9½" high. \$8.95



little boy surprise siphon

Put the life of the party out of business with this character. Modeled after the famous Belgian statue, the "little boy" is a working work of art. He's easy to use and fits all standard bottlenecks. This is a friend you can depend on when the lights are low, the snow is deep and the first guest arrives. \$3.50



TV bar

Don't you often feel like a good stiff shot while watching a TV western for the third time? Now you can, with this walnut-hardwood table model TV Bar. Pull the picture screen down and you have a large cork-lined serving surface. Four 16 oz. decanters, four hi-ball glasses, two jiggers, vinyl ice bucket and brass finished ice tongs. \$35.00

The Dude Magazine, 48 West 48th Street, New York 36, New York

1/59

Name _____ Address _____ City _____ State _____

— SEND CASH, CHECK OR MONEY ORDER —

_____ Key Chain Combination
_____ "Emit"

_____ Slide Rule Tie Clasp
_____ Little Boy Surprise Siphon

_____ "Aristocrat" French poodle
_____ TV Bar



Any letters sent to the letters column will have full signatures, unless you request we use initials. Anonymous letters will, as always, be carefully kept in the circular file.

Dear DUDE:

I'm an aficionado of folk music and was consequently greatly impressed by your tasteful combination of the ballad, "Black is the Color," with that extraordinarily pretty girl in November DUDE.

I never cared much for the texts that accompany the pretty ladies in most magazines, for they usually consist of one superlative on top of another, with the lady rarely living up to the writer's feverish description; and there's no anticlimax like an old, worn and clichéd anticlimax.

However, the words to "Black is the Color" are as fresh today as the day they were conceived, and the clever underplay of text against photographs is remarkable.

I hope you're planning to use more folk songs in this way.

Fred Martin
Los Angeles, Cal.

Ed. If you hurry, you can still buy a copy of the DUDE's sister publication, December GENT, which has one of the most interesting versions of "Frankie and Johnnie" ever attempted. The words used in GENT, incidentally, are much closer to the lusty original than any of the bowdlerized editions currently extant.

Dear DUDE:

What a ridiculous story in your September issue ("The Ultimate Accessory"). The DUDE should devote itself to more constructive articles.

P.S. How can I get in touch with the Sportsicar people?

Les Nirenberg
Toronto, Ont.

Ed. We've notified the Sportsicar people, and your "accessory" will arrive presently, C.O.D. By the way, is your medical insurance up-to-date?

Dear DUDE:

You [Chandler Brossard, "The Downbeat Generation," July DUDE] are by far the epitome of ridiculousness. I've read some square articles in some of these magazines on the scene, but this was the

squarest. You studs with your Brooks Bros. suits go around dropping names like Brubeck, Mulligan, McPartland and other fink, so-called jazz musicians and expect people to think you're hip.

Pal, I want to tell you, with a weird name like yours, it's to be expected. Don't knock the "beats," man, 'cause they are cool. I've seen more happenings on the scene than you ever will. Those beat cats I've seen in the Village are a bunch of neurotic, square imbeciles looking for kicks, and I don't ever want you to associate "Yardbird" with them again. If you do, I'll come to New York and, ooh, I'll punch you right in the nose, you nasty square, you.

"The Circle"
Boston, Mass.

Ed. What can we say except that you're sorry?

Dear DUDE:

I thought the story, "Real Swinging Love," by Bob Stevenson, in the September DUDE, was a very fine piece.

Margaret St. Clair
Richmond, Cal.

Ed. We're sure that Mr. Stevenson will appreciate, as do we, your kind words. Miss St. Clair is, herself, a well known writer and author of "The Ultimate Accessory," which appeared in the same issue as Mr. Stevenson's piece. It is indeed gratifying when one author takes time out to compliment another in the intensely competitive business of freelance writing.

Dear DUDE:

"An Introduction to the Fine Art of Soblattery," by Harold Rein, in November DUDE, was one of the funniest pieces I've ever read. The author's combination of good solid advice and excellent anecdote stamps him as a real professional.

Frankly, I'm getting tired of reading how-to articles that methodically and monotonously list the information, much as an engineering manual would.

As a matter of fact, the fine combination of up-to-date fiction, remarkably informative articles and lovely, lovely ladies that I find each month in the DUDE has engineered me into renewing my subscription. Please find my check enclosed. Keep up the good work.

John Garner
State College, Pa.

Ed. Mr. Rein and the DUDE's editors thank you for your kind words. The circulation department will thank you by entering your renewal in their usual prompt manner.

Dear DUDE:

Your September issue is excellent. The photos of Lilli Kardell were great! Keep up the fine work.

Thomas C. McPherson
Chicago, Ill.

Dear DUDE:

I read your September issue and saw the pictures of Lilli Kardell. I think she is very attractive and would like to know if it is possible to get an introduction to her.

I'm twenty-one years old, five feet eleven inches, one hundred and sixty-five pounds, auburn hair, brown eyes, tan complexion. I'm in the Air Force.

A/3C Eddie Baines
South Carolina

Ed. Shame on you, corporal! How would your commanding officer feel if he thought you weren't devoting all your time to Intercontinental Ballistic Missiles? (Missile Kardell, by the way, is grateful for your interest—but she's quite busy.)

Dear DUDE:

If you're familiar with Aldous Huxley's *Point Counter Point* (as I'm sure you are), you'll remember a very stuffy character with a very interesting mistress (I forget both their names) who, whenever the slightest thing went wrong, would write to the London Times.

In my secret heart of hearts I have often been tempted to do the same thing when things bothered me, and in fact, have on occasion written to the New York Times, though they never published anything of mine.

Something has been bothering me for a long time though and I don't think it's the proper province of any of the newspapers in this city [New York]. What made me think of DUDE was the fine, sensitive story I saw in your November issue, called "I had a wooden whistle . . ." (Herb Gardner).

Mr. Gardner wrote a few introspective lines about the New York subways in his story and also did a remarkable illustration, captioned "I couldn't stand all stuffed into the rush hour. I had to do something . . ."

This led me to think about a problem I, and probably other males, too, constantly encounter in the subways. I hope I can phrase it delicately.

All kinds of publicity is given to the problem of subway "mashers"—how to avoid them; how to capture them; how to run six inch hat pins through them, and so on. Well, this is fine. There is nothing lower than a masher and he deserves whatever he gets. But I would like to see some attention focused on the other side, too.

How about the poor guy who comes home from a hard day's work, gets "stuffed into the rush hour," and then without having moved a muscle finds an outraged female standing beside him, screaming that he has assaulted her?

How about giving some publicity to the protection of innocent males from the misdirected shriekings of sick, unhappy females, who obviously find their only pleasure in life by creating public disturbances?

I've written more than I wanted to. I would be curious to see what other of your readers, both male and female, feel about this.

Albert X. Smith
New York City



"The moment of truth," "death in the afternoon," all . . . **BULL!**

article . . . **SAM BOAL**



Not long ago, an epistle by one Jeffery Lyons was published in the letters column of the New York Herald-Tribune, proposing that bull-fighting be made a major varsity sport on prep school and college campuses throughout the length and breadth of the land. This suggestion came to the horrified attention of C.

Raymond Naramore, Executive Secretary of the New York Humane Association, who started a little incredulous gumshoeing around to find out who Jeffery Lyons was. He discovered several things about Lyons, the most arresting of which was that Lyons was thirteen years of age.

This incident may well sum up the position of bullfighting more eloquently—even flamboyantly—than any other single thing. It is very probable that more muck and mal-lark, in various literary, musical and visual forms, has been peddled on the subject of bullfighting and bull-fighters—and even bulls—than on the subject of any sport, and this cascade of propaganda has often been initiated by such people as Master Lyons, age thirteen.

The bullfight has been represented as some kind of epic and timeless drama, a latter-day saga of Man's primitive and inexorable battle against The Beast. The raw angers of the brute are pitted against the grace and intelligence of Man. This combat, in which good and evil are clearly identifiable, as in a child's fairy tale, has been presented as a sort of lofty morality play, to which all men should attend with ferocious concentration, since it will clear their souls of doubt and their minds of confusion.

The bullfight has been passionately described as a dazzling spectacle, rivalling—at least—Armageddon. It has been endowed with the color and pageantry of history, comparable to, say, a couple of Crusades, and its ancient rituals have been extolled as representing a noble link with man's noble past. Sometimes, in some of this history-evoking literature, a reader gets the notion the writer is talking not about a bullfight but maybe Westminster Abbey or perhaps the Taj Mahal.

A lot of warm, red prose—and soaring bits of verse as well—is dedicated to the bullfighter himself. He is invariably represented as a figure of majestic melancholy, a man romantically alone (except for those Spanish chicks); alone in the ring, facing the threat of brutish animalism, the bullfighter in his red, red suit and the beast—black, black, black.

And then the music. The aficionados point out, in permanent rapture, that bullfighting has its own music, and even operas have been written about a bullfight. And who, señor,

they point out with what they surmise to be piercing finality, who, señor, ever wrote an opera about a Dodger ball game or a horseshoe pitching contest in Moose Jaw, Montana on the Fourth of July? And, of course, there is the clincher, the foggy mysticism, the inevitable and reverent reference to what is called “the moment of truth.”

Okay, cats, let's have a moment or two of truth:

The basic fact about a bullfight, a fact obscured in fable and song, is that a bullfight is an entertainment for children, or more specifically, adults with childish or adolescent reactions, like those of Master Lyons. People who speak of bullfights with what really amounts to neurotic fanaticism are on the mental level of kids playing in a sandbox on a summer day. The kids shoveling sand into a pail and then dumping it out again are on precisely the same intellectual echelon as a bullfight maniac. Watching a bullfight requires precisely the same cerebral concentration as making a snowman. This writer knows. He has seen enough bullfights—both in Spain and Mexico—to be driven to the point of paralyzed inertia. Of course to say this, even obliquely, is like leaping into a barrel full of water moccasins.

Ah, señor, but you lack the sensitivity to understand the bull, the magic poetry of the *corrida*, the mountainous (though lonely) courage of the matador, and you know the rest of the bit. The man who says he finds a bullfight boring is regarded as coarse, probably stupid, certainly unrewarding to women and in general four points, in a popularity contest, below double pneumonia. He is abandoned by men—and especially girls—and he is alone, and after his dog leaves him he slinks off to the pool hall by himself.

The truth (one of our moments of) is that bullfighting was invented by primitive people and is enjoyed now by people who are, as of 1958, still comparatively primitive. It is no use, as the bullfight cuckoos do, to ignore the fact that bullfighting is popular today, in our relatively enlightened world, in only Spain and Mexico, two countries whose economies are, unfortunately, somewhat backward.

If other civilized people had wanted to adopt the bullfight as a national sport, they would have been quite

free to do so. They didn't, however. The fact that the British never went in for headhunting does not glacially prove that the wild man of Borneo is more sensitive to the moment of truth than the farcical figure of Lord Throgbottom, in his bowler hat, escorting his mistress, Pamela, the flower-like English beauty, through Berkeley Square.

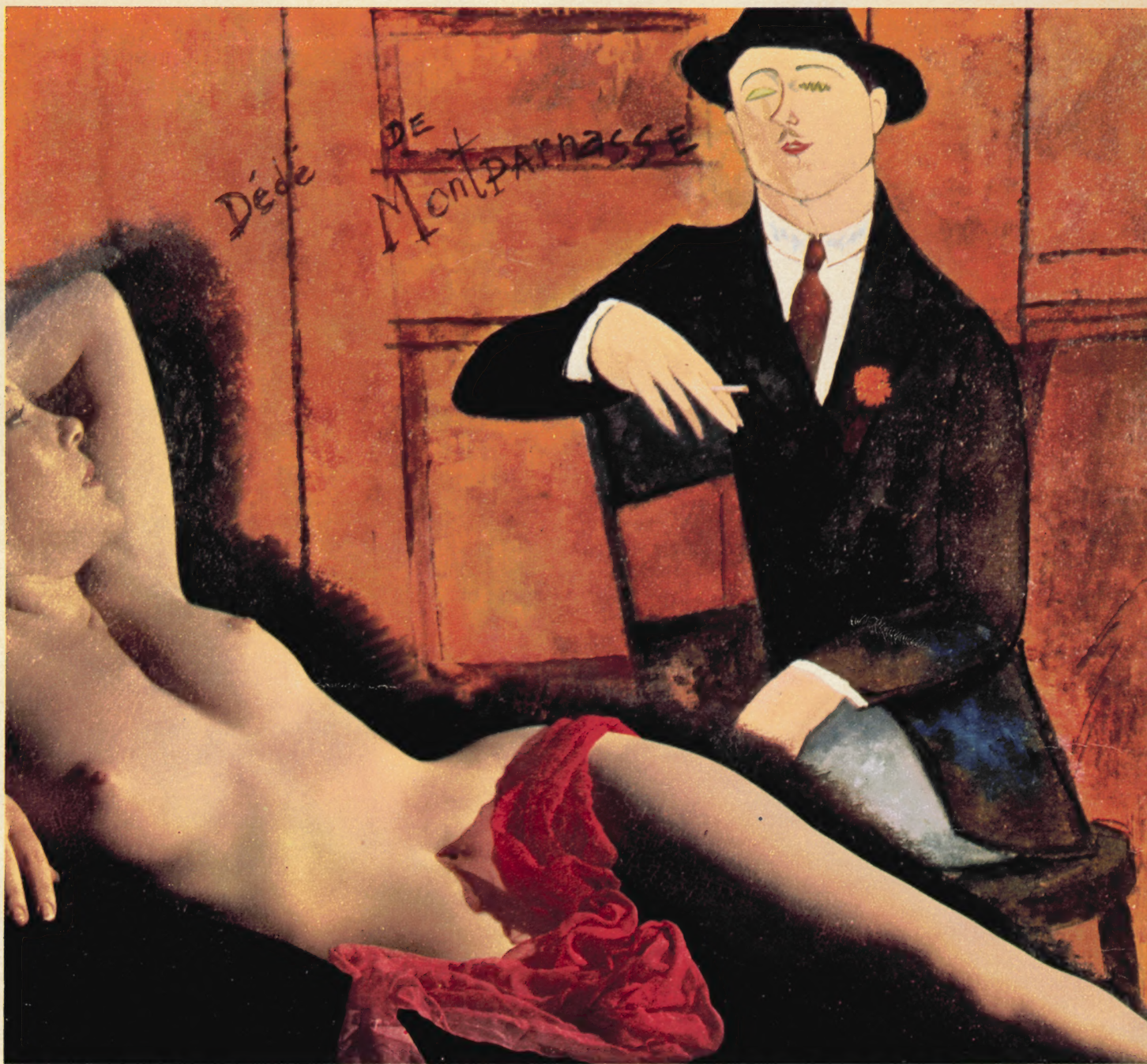
To watch a bullfight demands about as much sensitivity—or sophistication, or grown-up-ness—as that possessed by a bar of soap. The issue is brilliantly simple; the drama (is there any?) is totally naked. The performance lacks even a remote hint of subtlety. Everyone knows what's going to happen, in the very same sense that anyone over seven knows what's going to happen to Goldilocks, and therefore stops reading that particular story. People at bullfights are people of seven. And as such they can somehow sidestep—and who can tell why, except they're children—the fact that so many bullfight loonies refuse to admit, and this is a simple fact: the bull hasn't got a chance. They won't admit it, but it is nonetheless true.

All animals have various characteristics: the dog has an almost miraculous sense of smell; a bird has none. A gazelle can make about 50 m.p.h. and a turtle is lucky if he can rev up to two. But look at the bull.

A bull's vision is very faulty. There is no particular reason for him to have developed keen sight. He is not a hunter, but an eater of grass, and you don't need 20-20 vision to sight grass, since grass is where it always has been—down. A bull is not a speedy animal; there is no reason he should be. He is a domesticated animal, and hence protected by man and has no need of speed—such as a zebra has—to elude his enemies.

A bull is not a beast of prey, such as a lion, and his horns, though highly touted as lethal weapons (and—rarely—they are), are not particularly effective, at least not against a man. It is conceded that under some conditions a bull is effective in a fight, but this is principally if his opponent is another bull, which would be his “natural” enemy. One bull presents an agreeably large target to another bull; this is something, goof-off eyesight and all, that he can hit.

But a man, who in profile is about
(turn to page 67)



PHOTOGRAPHY BY CHUCK STEWART

Art, people keep insisting, is in the eye of the beholder. Always willing to go along with a gag, we asked a noted photographer to take a couple of paintings that had never knocked us out noticeably and see what could be done to improve them in the eye of this beholder.

We maintain that Modigliani, he of the attenuated figures, tubercular nudes and eccentric palette, never had it so good as when famous figure model Pamela Perry posed three-dimensionally in front of his painting of a decadent Parisian of the nineteen twenties.

We suppose you might call this art form a kind of collage, since two and three dimensional objects are combined to make a new lamp out of the old.

In a sense this is a collage that has gone to college . . .

Goya's brooding, nocturnal, Napoleonic figures, swathed, like evil, in black cloaks as dark as their designs, stare down at the many-planed-and-angled charms of Miss Perry.

Concerned with the plight of various museums, and unable to contribute money to their shrunken coffers, we submit as an earnest of our endeavor that this combination of real girl and painted canvas might well mean the difference between failing attendance and a line around the museum . . .

Imagine the sick green lights of Van Gogh's poolroom scene supplying a background to a lady of more than usually opulent charms . . .

Or a Rubenesque member of the distaff side reclining amiably in front of a Matisse . . .

Pictorial essay

GILDING THE LILY . . .

**If you don't dig Modigliani and Goya,
try these famous artists our way . . .**



Or a Daliesque landscape, melting watches and all, enhanced by any of the lovelier ladies of our time . . .

The possibilities are endless. The first museum to take us up on our idea will be amply repaid, we are sure. We can just see impassioned art lovers queued up impatiently, waiting to see what original insight has been given to famous masterpieces by this new art form!

The

TRIANGULAR Couch

"Neither a borrower nor a lender be . . ."



ILLUSTRATED BY RAY KEANE

From the moment I hung up, I knew that I shouldn't have agreed to let Ritchie use the apartment. Not that I had scruples about that sort of thing, but there was something too eager, too necessary, about the way he insisted.

Even as I went to his office to meet him, something told me that this was not going to be a simple type bit. But, who could refuse Ritchie?

Ritchie was one of my oldest buddies, and somehow, lost in the rubble of many years of rusted friendship, there were still vestiges of that peculiar ethical form that makes you blindly do your buddy's bidding.

All the way down to the apartment he bubbled.

"She's terrific!" he said, throwing his hat on the divan as he strode into the room. "A real re-order number!" And he flopped into the large easy chair, digging the palms of his hands into his thighs as he chopped his heels into the rug.

Ritchie went on about how her breasts teased through her dresses; about how her long hair could feather-touch his skin. He was savoring her as a chef savors a sauce. Ordinarily, I would have joined in with grunts of jealous approval, but now, as I bounced about the apartment, straightening it up so that my good pal here could make proper use of it, I felt a globby sensation deep in my chest. It was as if there was a lump of still-damp plaster of Paris wedged in it, a lump that I could neither cough up nor swallow down.

And I listened listlessly. Ritchie's voice almost disappeared into the drone of the air conditioner.

We were both married men, Ritchie and I, and although we had been close friends since high school days, we led completely separate domestic lives. We were different kinds of husbands. Ritchie fooled around.

He was moderately handsome, and an imp-grin which was permanently tattooed on his lean face seemed to act as a *portebonheur* safely seeing him through all sorts of difficult situations.

Since his was a housewife, he had to do his fooling around on office time. Sometimes he was able to manage to stay beyond the usual be-home-by-seven edict on the premise that he was entertaining buyers.

With me, it was different. Dell and I, although very much in love, seemed to have grown apart in the

few years we had been married. In the beginning, I was the greatest. I picked her clothes; I made the plans; I paid the bills. Then she took a job as a hat-wearing, chain-smoking fashion coordinator and popped up one dinner time with a bigger pay check than mine. And there I was, with my apron showing.

Funny, but I can date that night as being the very beginning of her 'era of decisions.' She decided on vacation locales. She decided on friends. She chose her clothes alone; I was no longer needed to pick or pay for them: I just picked them up.

The apartment we both worked so hard to furnish no longer held any charm for her. Gradually I felt myself submitting to a royal invasion of Louis XVI. (Everytime she said, "But this is Louis Seize!" with that how-can-it-be-wrong sound in her voice, I'd counter with, "Yeah, Louis sez . . . Drop da gun!") But she never laughed. Wisely, I reflect.) Anyway, the living room soon took on a watered down Belle Watling look. I hated it.

It's funny how a strange new dress in the clothes closet and some ugly Venetian glass ash trays in the hall can knock the guts out of a man in his bedroom.

About the most emasculating bit in this whole deal was the gradual relocation of my desk. From a place of honor (after all, I earned my living from that desk!) in the living room, it was shunted between our dresser and her dressing table in the bedroom. Then, because a chaise (for those necessary naps before dreary business parties) was coming, the desk was plunked into the foyer. Because it made the foyer look like an obstacle course, the desk finally found itself in the large storage closet near the kitchen.

"I did put a good light in there for you," she'd say whenever I'd complain.

So it was a wonderful break for me when an old friend of mine told me that he was being reassigned, and that his one-and-a-half in the Village was mine for the asking . . . rent control and all!

I grabbed it and never mentioned it to Dell. I used to get a kick out of walking around town with her, my hands shoved deep into my pockets . . . and all the while, fingering the keys to my private Cythera. But I seldom used it.

"Just tell me where the towels are," Ritchie said, as I puffed up the bolsters:

I pointed to the cabinet and thought: Towels! His mind's on cleaning up even before he starts!

And then the bell rang.

"Okay, be back in two hours!" he said, as he urgently shoved me out the door and pushed the downstairs buzzer.

Ritchie took my purse and gloves before I could shut the door behind me. Although it was warm, my teeth were chattering like a trip hammer, and my stomach was quivering like a dish of jello.

Actually, it was disappointing. I truthfully expected the floor to split under me if I ever crossed the threshold of another man's apartment. I thought that I would have been struck down by some god before another man's body would touch mine.

I felt cheated. If it was as easy as all this, then it wasn't worth all the effort. It wasn't worth all the lies, and it certainly wasn't worth any of the consequences.

For I loved Alan. I loved him from the first moment that I heard him talk. I loved him when he so awkwardly asked me to marry him, and I loved him when he became so god-damn proper after we became engaged. I even loved him as I stepped into that strange apartment.

But Ritchie has been a bud of excitement to me ever since he first came into the office. I remember that first day and how we both leaned over the desk. We were examining some copy and he was munching a tuna-on-rye. Holding the sandwich with one hand, and supporting himself with the other, he carefully arched his elbow . . . oh, ever so little, just enough to allow it to whisper to the fuzz of my sweater. He looked right into me, never moving his arm, and his eyes pierced mine as his teeth bit into the sandwich. I winced. And I wanted.

I'd find myself thinking of him as I'd lather my body in the shower, and I'd be aware of him as I'd remove my bra. I'd pretend I was tasting his lips as I'd kiss Alan and I'd make believe it was his hands that released my stockings from my garter belt.

And now, watching him stare at me as he closed the door, I felt a sudden chill. The leer seemed so af-

fected. The requests and suggestions were as a routine, rehearsed and performed. The posturing and maneuvering were nothing more than ballet . . .

Allez . . . pliez . . . un . . . deux, I thought.

And I sat down.

I liked this strange apartment. I liked the feel of it. I liked the smell of it, and I liked its masculine disarray. I liked the casual, yet disciplined, arrangement of the furniture. I recognized a Georg Jensen bowl on a rubbed walnut table, and I saw the same Koester paper weight that I had admired at Bonnier's just a week before.

And I knew that I would have liked Ritchie's friend. There was nothing in the apartment to tell me if he was tall or short or light or dark, but instinctively I knew that I would like him. I looked over a solid wall of books and glanced at the various paintings. I noticed that the pieces of sculpture were originals and not museum reproductions.

It was a pleasantly colored apartment, warm toned and alive, and, being alive, the apartment seemed, once having started to grow, to continue growing. Funny, how something so foreign to my own tastes could at the same time be so appealing to me.

And Ritchie's voice was lost in the blur of city noises.

There was a profusion of drawings clustered above the bed. While Ritchie's lips searched my throat, my eyes scanned the walls. I could make out the signature of Bérard and Cadmus on some of them, and I recognized the star of Cocteau. What kind of man would surround himself with these drawings?

While Ritchie nibbled at my earlobes, my mind wandered more and more toward this friend of his. What would he be like, here, in his own bed? Surely, there would be no fumbling for the light switch. Were there trick mirrors behind these frames? Was I being watched by a grinning audience of Kinsey variants? Were Ritchie's studied movements actually part of a prepared pantomime?

And while he explored, I tried to visualize this man. For, although a part of me was being fulfilled, another part of me was churning up new hungers. And I realized that I was once again grasping for an unknown something which always darted away to just beyond my reach.

Give me an Alan, and I will want a Ritchie.

Give me a Ritchie, and I will want . . . I will want . . .

Suddenly, I wished for Alan. Ritchie thought those gasps were for him.

Ritchie left my apartment rather messy, and I was annoyed.

"Okay," he apologized, "next time, no grimy ash-trays . . . and the towels will be dumped in the hamper."

And they were.

And the time after that, they were, too.

But the following time, they weren't. Instead, there was a little note left in the carriage of my typewriter.

Your buddy-boy takes too long . . . and we are late . . . sorry for the mess . . . won't happen again . . . a promise!

And it was signed, *Ton amie*.

About two weeks later, propped up against a bottle of Canadian Club, I found:

Merci mille fois, cher ami, for your most kind and extended hospitality. Your buddy-boy doesn't know the existence of the word thanks, and I don't seem able to teach him any new tricks, although he has tried a few on me. I hope that this will, in part, make up for what we have consumed. He's in the shower now, so I have a little time. Besides, I only use lipstick. By the way, did you ever think of opening a lending library? I'd like to borrow Stein's *Lucy Church Amiably* since I have never been able to locate it, and I see you have the plain edition . . . so may I . . . please . . . pretty please . . . with sugar?

Ton amie

For days, my reply remained in the typewriter.

Okay, Pen-Pal . . . *Lucy Church Amiably* she is yours . . . but handle her gently. Yes, R. thinks that "thanks" is used only when declining a disagreeable invitation . . . but your way of saying it is a delight to the palate as well as to the ego . . . and my palate and I both thank you. . .

And I signed it, *Ton ami*.

This kind of sophomore note-passing continued for a couple of months. Once, I came home and found a Sarah Vaughan LP . . . "It's

just been released," the note said, "and I'm sure you haven't heard it yet."

I thanked her for it, via the typewriter, and invited her to dig into the Lowenbrau that was frosting in the fridge.

Once I found a pair of odd cuff links with no note at all, and once I found a particularly interesting paper-back with the notation:

"For no reason at all . . . I just like you," typed on the fly sheet. And then I began to find myself rushing to the apartment almost daily, just to see what I would find in the typewriter. I realized, too, that I was phoning Ritchie a little more often than usual, suggesting that he might want to use the apartment that night, because I was going to be busy. I knew that the more he saw of her, the more I'd hear from her. And I wanted to continue hearing from her.

I kept them all, those typed slips of paper, in a little glove box in my handkerchief drawer. I had hoped against hope that she wouldn't snoop around too much and ultimately find them. She didn't, but I guess I wanted her to find them, because they were in such an obvious spot. I guess I wanted her to find out that I treasured her notes; that I treasured her presence in my apartment. Even if it was with another person.

Christmas week I found a card thrust under the door. She had come

to deliver it, alone. That night I left two cards on the typewriter. One for Ritchie and one for her. But on a little piece of paper I typed an invitation and slipped it in her card.

What about sharing that split of champagne with me next Tuesday at five . . .

I buzzed the downstairs door open that Tuesday and left the upstairs door ajar so that she could walk right in. The champagne was nestling in a cubistic mound of ice, and Sarah Vaughan was mooding it very low on the hi-fi. I was standing by the kitchen door.

Hearing her heels claque-claque on the terrazzo hallway, I wondered if I would come up to all those books on the shelves. I wondered if I would equate with the pictures on the walls. I wondered if I would be lost, overshadowed, devoured by this all-encompassing frame that I had built around myself. The tension mounted within me, completely dehydrating me, and the dryness of my mouth was unbearable. And then the door opened and closed.

And she walked into the room.

"Alan!" she choked. And she stood there. She just stood there.

I don't know what kind of a smile it was, but I smiled as I walked over to her.



THE DUDE



the naked truth

Nudism, a congenital trait, at best, inherited from the first sun...

Brad Darling:

I'll leave this note where you will find it the first thing when you get home from the office. I couldn't stand it any longer wanting to be a nudist, with you so set against it. When you read this I'll be on my way to the Pineapple Nudist Colony I told you about. Please try to forgive me.

*With much love,
Evie*

EVELYN MURRAY
PINEAPPLE NUDIST COLONY
PINEAPPLE, N. Y.
ARE YOU CRAZY QUESTION MARK RETURN AT ONCE STOP FORBID YOU TO
JOIN NUDISTS

BRAD

BRADFORD MURRAY
WEST TWELFTH STREET
NEW YORK, N. Y.
WONDERFUL GOING WITHOUT CLOTHES STOP LOVE

EVIE

EVELYN MURRAY
PINEAPPLE NUDIST COLONY
PINEAPPLE, N. Y.
NO WIFE OF MINE IS TO GO WITHOUT HER CLOTHES STOP COME BACK
NEXT TRAIN

BRAD

Dearest Brad:

For millions of years people went without clothes and it's only been a few thousand years now that they've worn them. Darling, write to me that you aren't angry. I'll wait anxiously for your first letter. Please make it a nice one.

*Lovingly,
Evie*

Dear Evelyn:

If I had you here now I'd probably wring your neck, slowly but carefully and thoroughly. What do you mean by not coming home when I told you to? What do you mean by the whole thing? This running off and joining an idiotic, indecent and immoral fad! I don't see how you could fall for a bunch of phonies who are nothing better than exhibitionists, Peeping Toms and Holy Rollers. Return at once.

Disapprovingly,
Brad

P. S. I should have thought of it before, and I suppose I did, but do you mean to say you walk around like that with men up there?

Dear Bradford:

I object to your calling our movement names. Modesty is not an instinct, but a custom, a ridiculous habit. We are not phonies, we aren't indecent and we aren't immoral. Certainly we are not exhibitionists, Peeping Toms or Holy Rollers. We believe in the wholesomeness of the human body and regard it not as an object of shame nor as a subject for levity. Perhaps some day you may see the value of these principles.

Hopefully,
Evelyn

P. S. Of course there are men here. Nudism makes no test of sex, religion or politics. There is one man here especially who is a fine example of the movement. His name is Randolph Brewster, and he is very tall and good-looking and has a wonderful physique of the slim sort. When I am with him I often think what a wonderful place this would be for you. A few days in the sun would make you as tan as Randolph. They say Randolph is in love with a girl here named Nancy Stewart, but I don't believe it. She's very skinny, and I'm sure her hair is bleached because, though she has some attractions, you can't hide anything here, and she's really a fright.

EVELYN MURRAY
PINEAPPLE NUDIST COLONY
PINEAPPLE, N. Y.
RETURN IMMEDIATELY OR ELSE

BRADFORD

BRADFORD MURRAY
WEST TWELFTH STREET
NEW YORK, N. Y.

DO NOT UNDERSTAND WHAT YOU MEAN BY QUOTE OR ELSE UNQUOTE
EVELYN

(turn over)



Dear Evelyn:

I'll tell you plenty what I mean by or else. Do you think I am going to sit here and listen to you rave about a male Adonis with whom you're carrying on in the nude? I can take punishment, but no man can take that much. I've asked you to give up this nutty idea, I've ordered you to give it up, and now if you aren't back here within two days taking up your duties and responsibilities as my wife, I see no reason why you should continue to be my wife. This is your last chance.

Bradford

My dear Bradford:

Your last letter thoroughly outraged and shocked me. You don't know how insulting you are to intimate that I have any other feeling for Randolph Brewster than that of a fellow member of the great movement of gymnosophy. If you knew what being one of us is you would realize that there is less personal feeling between nude people than people with their clothes on.

I had always heard that the partially clad human body is more sexy than the totally uncovered one, and now, from practical experience, I know this to be true. The simple reason for this is that the imagination is always stronger and greater than the reality. For another thing it is a cardinal rule here for no member of the movement to take a romantic interest in other members, and I am sure you know what a cardinal rule is. In spite of this, that Nancy Stewart has tried to take such an interest in Randolph, but that is another matter.

I am disappointed that you should think that you can intimidate me with threats about duties and responsibilities. I cannot believe you mean such a thing as divorce seriously, as I have done nothing to merit such an extreme measure. I am sure you will realize this upon thinking it over calmly.

Evelyn

Dear Mrs. Murray:

This is to inform you that my legal residence in a nearby state has now been established and that action will be instituted at the earliest possible moment.

Sincerely,

Bradford Murray

P. S. If at any time you have possible use for the clothes you left here, kindly let me know and I will forward them to you.

P. P. S. Cardinal rule, horsefeathers!

Dearest, Dearest Brad:

I've been so miserable for the last two days that I hardly know what to do. At first I thought it was because it's been cold and rainy here and because that cat, Nancy Stewart, has been nasty to me, but now I know it isn't either of those things. It's a greater thing, Brad, a much bigger thing. It's you and I.

I've been thinking about us a lot, mostly about our last letters to each other. And I think the point we've reached is terrible. I cried almost all last night and every minute I thought of you. I couldn't

stand it, darling. All of a sudden I realized how wonderful you've always been and how wrong I was in doing something you didn't want me to do. I know that now, Brad, that I've been wrong, frightfully wrong. I don't know what made me do it.

When I think that it's nudism that has caused us to be on the brink of eternal separation, I hate it. The movement has its points, but it isn't worth that. Not in a million years. Besides, I can't stay in the same place with that Stewart woman and her remarks any longer. All I want is for you to forgive me. I'm so frightened that you won't. That's why I'm sending this letter tonight and waiting for tomorrow to go back, so you can have a chance to think it over and be as big and fine as I know you are and believe that I'll never do anything like this again.

You must forgive your foolish little wife, Brad, you must! I love you more than anything else in the world. If you meet the five o'clock train at Grand Central tomorrow I'll know that everything is all right.

With all my affection and remorse,

Your own foolish little
Evie

Dear Evie:

Our trains crossed when I came up here to Pineapple, I guess, and then your letter was forwarded to me here. You see, yesterday was the start of my vacation. Two days ago I had just about the same ideas about us that you had. And though I had every reason to feel the way I have lately, as you admit, the thing was that I didn't want to lose you. So I decided to stop the divorce proceedings and come up here and get you. I felt pretty terrible when I learned you had gone.

It was awfully hot when I got here, and there wasn't a train back right away, so I decided to have a look at this nudism thing. I had to take all my clothes off to get in, as you know, and it was pretty awful seeing these people at first, but I went for a swim in the lake and the water was fine, all right. When I came out there was a girl on the dock, and it was funny the way I talked to her for nearly a whole minute before I realized neither of us had anything on. There she was, a beautiful blonde with the slimmest figure I've ever seen. We got talking, and what do you think? She turned out to be your friend, Nancy Stewart.

Well, I always thought nudists were a bunch of nuts who wanted to undress and goggle at each other. But the way Miss Stewart explained it to me showed me I was all wrong, and—well, I'm impressed. I've decided to study the movement a little and see, for one thing, just what you got into. Of course I'm following the cardinal rule you wrote me about, I mean about members of the movement never regarding other members in any kind of a romantic way.

With love,
Brad

P. S. I don't know if you'd want to come all the way back up

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If the fifth and sixth grades of the Bridgewater, Massachusetts, public school in the years 1924 and 1925 held a more knowing little sexologist than this writer, you would have found him in my company in those frequent seminars that certain of us scholars held during recess under a large oak tree at the far side of the playground. Some of the participants, it is true, had a resource that I lacked, in the form of older brothers who passed down to them—and they to the rest of us—bits of folklore, jest, verse and song which to this day make up the bulk of my basic reper-

toire of ribaldry. For my part, I had access to a parentally sanctioned manual of sex-education for boys and, clandestinely, to my sister's companion volume for girls—both anti-septic works in which elements of horticulture, plumbing and hymenoptery were bewilderingly intermingled, but which nevertheless, when supplemented by the extensive collection of back issues of *Captain Billy's Whiz Bang*, *Film Fun* and *The Calgary Eye-Opener* that I had cached in the haymow, made a well-balanced set of study materials.

It was in those years, too, that I

discovered that congress between the sexes was not all a rosy vista of flowers, birds, bees and He and She jokes. I first became aware that the mysteries of love had their somber side through a daily paper called, if memory serves, the *Brockton Enterprise*—anyway, I'm pretty sure it wasn't the *Brockton Sloth*—in a column of advice on affairs of the heart by Dorothy Dix. Through it I learned that a whole host of my seniors, going by such catchy names as Worried, Lonely, Desperate, Perplexed, Bothered, Jilted, Overdue and Hopeless were suffering such

satire . . . **CARLTON BROWN**

dear bothered: **MOVE OVER**

*Some hilarious advice
to Miss Lonelyhearts . . .
and a peek behind
her sanctimonious skirts.*





torments as the names implied, thanks to their pursuit of nature's ever-tantalizing bait. Of course, there were refined intimations to this effect in the approved manuals, and crude ones in the rowdy lore, but Miss Dix—it didn't seem likely that anyone so constantly reminded of the woes of mating would be *Mrs.*—added the missing dimension of journalistic realism. I don't recall any specific problems or solutions from those long-ago columns, but the cumulative effect of Miss Dix's daily homilies was so powerfully cautionary that for at least another year or two I confined my overt attentions to girls largely to dipping the pigtailed of the one who sat in front of me into my inkwell, and concealing caterpillars in the crayon-boxes of another favored few.

I have been a connoisseur of the lovelorn columns ever since, treasuring prime clippings from the works of Beatrix Fairfax, Mary Haworth, Doris Blake and their supplicants as avidly as some other collectors store away choice lengths of old string. When Dr. Rose N. Franzblau made the scene, by way of her syndicated "Human Relations" column, I hailed her advent with a hearty, "Just what this country needs—a good five-cent psychiatrist." With the aid of a Modern Library edition of *The Basic Works of Sigmund Freud*, I have found her psychoanalytical soap operas almost as easy to follow as "Our Gal Sunday," and considerably more rewarding for sedentary Peeping Toms than the homely intimacies of her predecessors. Short of bugging the couch of a head-candler with a daily turnover of sorely beset customers, I don't know where you could find a richer, more varied lode of case histories of amatory entanglements and their more troublesome consequences than Dr. Franzblau offers. I value her installments so highly that I have continued to buy the paper which carries them even though its price has doubled to a dime, and though finding her page often involves catching a glimpse of the chillingly unanswerable title of another column, "Why Grow Old?" by Josephine Lowman (ah, why, Josephine, why, why, *why?*). I have consigned my collection of classic Franzblauiana to a special shoe-box of its own, labeled for purposes of ready reference, "You Think You've Got Troubles?" Consulting it in times of stress has

saved me more than I can readily reckon, or could have begun to pay for.

It is as a sobering antidote to the alluring grass-is-always-greener viewpoint that I have always prized the advice columns. And say what you will about the assorted Misses, Mesdames and Doctors Dix, Fairfax, Blake, Haworth and Franzblau—they level with their supplicants. Maybe they can't infallibly straighten out every last Miss Mixed-up with their sage pointers on flying right, but they sure give it the old sorority try. Oh, one of them may occasionally get teed off at an errant sister's foolishness and talk to her like a Dutch uncle in drag, with a twist of sarcasm to drive the message home, but over the whole course you'll find them earning straight E's for Earnestness.

Lately, however, a new trend has been launched among the lovelornists which true aficionados of their art can only view with alarm. It was started by a pair who are not only sisters in real life, but identical twins, and I don't need Dr. Franzblau's insight to diagnose a keen case of sibling rivalry between them. The symptoms have been clearly revealed in a couple of bulletins which *Time* has seen fit to print in its Press Department, though a more appropriate heading might have been Public Affairs.

The first story told of the transformation of a shapely brunette named Mrs. Morton ("Popo") Phillips into the lovelorn columnist Abigail Van Buren, as a result of her witty, caustic replies to some 70 sample letters, and divulged her close relationship to Mrs. Jules ("Eppie") Lederer, already a top-ranking romance consultant for a rival syndicate. It offered several examples of the snappy comebacks which had rocketed Abby to fourth place among the sister confessors, such as the following:

To a theater cashier who admitted to a secret passion for her married employer, Abby tossed the snapper: "Find another job. It's not worth being the tail-end of a double feature."

A bachelor wrote that he knew one sweet, demure girl who would make a wonderful wife, and another one, "uninhibited, gay," who "comes up to my room." To his question, "How shall I discourage this girl?" Abby sallied, "Which girl?"

Sister Ann Landers, said *Time*,

accused Abby of imitating her own mordant style of repartee, and a sample Landersnicker seemed to bear out the charge:

"How can I keep my hair?" asked a worried young man; to which Ann riposted, "You could keep it in a cigar box or just throw it away like everybody else."

Both Ann and Abby, I learned from *Time*, discuss the more complex problems put to them with outside advisers. The specimens I have quoted and one or two others in *Time's* account did not seem to me quite complex enough to have required consultation with the likes of Drs. Gregory Zilboorg, Norman Vincent Peale or Frederick Wertham. They did, however, give me a twinge of what psychologists refer to as the *déjà vu* sensation—in popular terms, the I've-heard-that-tune-before or This-is-where-we-came-in syndrome. I could have sworn I had absorbed these very punch-lines as an acolyte in the ec-dysiast temples of the Minsky and Izzy Hirst circuits, or some of the outlying "burly" houses, before burlesque was hounded out of my area—but whether from the lips of Benny (Wop) Moore, Looney Lewis, Scurvy Miller or Monkey Kirkland, I could not have said. Might it be, I wondered, if among Ann's and Abby's most valued outside advisers were numbered one or two such eminent old-school bananas as Joey Faye and Jack Albertson—or, if the sisters were economy-minded, some technologically unemployed writer of special material for midgets, dog acts and ventriloquists? Or did they perchance subscribe to one of the mail-order services such as Laughs Unlimited ("Be Funny for Less Money") or Billy Glason's Fun Master ("The Original Show Biz Gag File")?

My suspicions of this sort were by no means dispelled by *Time's* second essay, this one concerning a small tempest that had been stirred up in Miss Van Buren's column when she ran the letter:

Dear Abby:

I came across a strongbox full of letters in the trunk of our car. The letters were from a married woman who is in love with my husband. They are so full of mush and love talk it would nauseate you. Should I send the
(turn to page 62)

"THE LITTLE CART"

It was the town's illicit pride and joy until the dreadful day it almost closed...

fiction . . . DENNIS WIEGAND

Valdomero Carranza, Commandante of Police in San Pedro del Pozo Rico, sat so quietly at ease in his little office that the flies were unaware of his presence. Nor was the Commandante aware of their listless goings and comings.

Sergeant Valdomero Carranza was tasting the first delicate flavor of sleep, which those who sleep greedily never know.

It was the quiet, sun-scented part of the afternoon. Even the sentry outside the door had ceased pacing and stamping and clicking the turnings of his brief post.

Hilario Gomez, corporal of police, clattered into the tiny office. The flies stirred briefly. Valdomero Carranza opened an eye.

"Commandante, they think to stop the sound of bees!"

The tire-tread soles of the Commandante's boots swung from the sagging table to the tiled floor. The flies began to sift out the door and the barred window.

"Who thinks to stop the house of the whores?" he demanded.

"They themselves do, Commandante. La Cabróna is even now offer-



Roy Superior

ing for sale the little chairs and tables."

"And the beds?"

"Even the beds, Commandante."

"Why, just the night before last night the Muncipal President and I were . . . by whose orders are they thinking to close the high school? Who wishes to halt our little burro?"

"It is La Cabróna herself, Commandante, who says that the pesos do not find themselves in the little box under the bar often enough."

One plume of the Commandante's white mustache twitched upward. "Ha," he said. "The word of a madame."

"Still, she is offering for sale the little tables and the chairs and even the beds."

"We will speak to her, Hilario. You have your pistol?"

"Yes, Commandante."

The policeman on guard at the door came to attention as they hurried out. He slapped his carbine smartly in the wrong place and drew blood from the palm of his hand.

The Commandante and the corporal hurried along the winding river of cobblestones.

They thrust aside the fly-curtain of strung bottle-caps and blinked away the noonday gloom of the house of prostitution.

The squat votive candle over the bar picked out the letters of the sign that arched over the top row of bottles.

The Little Cart, it read.

The name of the place always recalled to the Commandante the peaceful days of a quarter of a century before when he had a little cart of his own and two burros to jounce it over the cobblestones to haul away the ashes and rubbish of the little city before the Honorable Council had bought a motor truck for this purpose.

There is nothing, he thought, like having a little business of one's own.

"Where," he demanded aloud, "is La Cabróna?"

A massive woman with brazen hair surged up from behind the breast-high bar. The brazen voice said, "There is no one here of that name, Commandante. But I am Josephina Casamires, at your orders."

"Excuse me, Josephina," said the Commandante. "I didn't know you were here yourself. I thought your bartender would be back here during the hour of rest."

She shrugged. "What does it matter, Commandante? Will you have a little beer to replace what the sun has stolen?"

La Cabróna deftly opened two bottles of beer, holding them both in one hand, and thrust them across the tin-covered bar.

"Many thanks, Josephina," said the Commandante. "You are very amiable."

The madame waved a pudgy, trinket-laden arm. "It is nothing. What does it matter? What matters anything?"

The two police officers wiped the mouths of their bottles with uniformed sleeves and drained them.

Valdomero Carranza turned his back to the bar and gazed down the long, narrow room with its twisted-wire chairs and enameled steel tables. Even without the lights he could see the stirring, vibrant colors of the walls, each painted a different color.

He read again the poem boldly lettered on the far wall, and was moved.

"This I am," it read. "Of all, and of no one.

Not even I myself know the tragedy of me.

Without a soul? Without Love?

No one knows my joys, my tears, my pain.

I, alone, drown them with little sips of liquor."

He wiped his lips with the rough cloth of his uniformed sleeve and placed the bottle on the bar. He forced a laugh and slapped the tin-covered bar.

"There are fools walking our streets who say that *The Little Cart* has lost its wheels and ended its journey, Josephina." He probed her with another little laugh.

"Perhaps your good wife would wish to buy a table or two and some strong chairs of metal, Commandante? Or perhaps a bed or two? Almost as good as new."

"Perhaps," said Valdomero Carranza, "if it would be possible to arrange trust for some months. We have many children, thanks to God."

And then instinct gave way to thought and purpose. "But it cannot be true that you mean to stop the happy journey of our *Little Cart*?"

"How not?" said La Cabróna. "There is neither money enough nor manhood enough in San Pedro to sustain the journey of *The Little Cart*. We cannot spend more youth here

where money is shorter than youth itself."

"Impossible," said Valdomero. "There is not a more manly city in this most manly of all the states of Mexico."

"Youth is short," said La Cabróna. "We must go where we are needed, and appreciated. While we can."

"I forbid it!" cried the Commandante, waving his huge, gold-mounted automatic pistol. "You cannot so insult the manhood of San Pedro."

La Cabróna bared her chest and threw back her head. "Fire, then. For it is better to die of the bullets of the police than it is to walk from doorway to doorway in fear of being smothered by the little papers of tradesmen. There is no grease in this city for the wheels of *The Little Cart*."

"The *Little Cart*," sneered Valdomero, "moves not so rapidly that its own animal oil will not suffice to keep it running well."

Her eyes narrowed. "Commandante," she said, "San Pedro makes itself to be a city; but if the oil of an animal's hide will suffice you, let it be so. The *Little Cart* is not of that class, as you know."

Valdomero Carranza hastened to withdraw the insult. "Forgive me, Josephina. How well I know the truth you speak. Even the Capital offers only more of the same; but not better. Let us calm ourselves and consider the matter."

"There is nothing to consider, Commandante. It is only money that San Pedro, with its fancy airs, can offer us. Nothing to do all day, except drink and eat and make love and dance. You do not know how difficult it is to find the girls willing to endure such a life. The parlor of beauty, the shops, the streets of the shops and the principal plaza . . . all, all are closed to them."

"As to that, I can do nothing, since I am only the Commandante of Police."

"I know, my friend, that you have done all in your power to make our stay here pleasant and profitable. Still, for us, there is only money to console us. And there is not money nor manhood enough in San Pedro."

"The crops have been poor, very poor, Josephina. You know yourself that there were only six days of rain during the past season of rains."

"That is as our Lord wishes, Com-
(turn to page 58)

"LONDONDERRY AIR..."

Problem:

how to present lingerie
in the most beautiful
manner possible.

Solution:

use a photographer
with good taste!

Photographers — good ones — have a tendency to brood. Jerry Yulsman, top-flight lensman whose color work you see here, got to brooding about the way he would portray lingerie ads if there were no such thing as an art director standing in his way.

He began with a fine model, Anita London, which put him a couple steps ahead of the game — then, using his sensitive, subtle approach, his almost poetic ability with a camera, he shows in these two pages the way he thinks lingerie should be presented.







His black and white shimmers as though lit from within, displaying much, much more of the girl, the mood and the product than we've ever seen in the pages of the slick women's service magazines . . .

Of course he was helped immeasurably by Anita's torso, to say nothing of the London derriere . . .

If you don't think Steve Allen's "Men in the Street"



THREE
GUYS
AND A
YOCK



is the funniest group
to come along
since the Marx Brothers . . .
then how about
resigning
from the human race?

PHOTOGRAPHY BY SY FRIEDMAN



In the usual order, an unusual quartet: Louis Nye, Don Knotts, Tom Poston and Steve Allen.

Some time during every Steve Allen Sunday night show, a ravishingly beautiful girl comes out and hands Steve a book containing pictures of next week's talent. But what the audience doesn't see at that moment is Don Knotts, the diminutive member of Allen's "Men in the Street," frantically signaling his two partners the exciting news of his success with this latest ravishing beauty. How far his success is supposed to have gone cannot be made clear by mere hand signals and weird facial expressions, but a lot can be implied.

And each time this happens, and it happens every beautiful girl, every Sunday night, both Louie Nye, the debonair man-about-town member of the comedy team, and Tom Poston, the one who can never remember his name, pretend not to understand what the devil Don is trying to get across to them. To all others, however, they say that Don isn't trying to convince *them* of his Rubirosity, but to convince himself. "It's pure Walter Mitty," says Louie, and Tom is equally scornful, though he claims Louie's diagnosis to be based on pure envy. Don himself states that his only purpose is to upset his two colleagues and make them fluff their lines. "Although I *do* make out with those girls," he adds proudly.

In an interview published in a West

Coast newspaper, readers were surprised to learn that Don had fought his way out of almost incurable alcoholism, for Tom had given that information out to the press. It happens that Don drinks no more than you or I, and probably a good deal less because of size. But Tom gives out that information about everyone he works with. "If someone in show biz has never been an alcoholic," he explains, "why should I jeopardize his career by letting his secret be known? Some day he might want to write his autobiography."

Bob Hope has dubbed these "Men in the Street" the "Marx Brothers of the Present Generation," and the title is an apt one. Like the Marx Brothers they do not belong to the sad clown fraternity of old. Their hearts aren't breaking one bit. There is no label attached to them saying, "Comedians—please turn off when not in use." One might turn a movie camera on them at any time of day or night, with or without their knowledge, grind five reels and have a full-length comedy feature that would pack New York's Roxie.

Even the studied preparation of their humor does not stem its almost constant flow. Rehearsals, conducted by bearded script leader Leonard Sterne, are a symphony in laughter as the "Men in the Street" pretend to misunderstand the script, read the



wrong parts and throw in impromptu comedy bits of their own—which keeps the script in a state of perpetual revision till show time, because so much of the ad lib is too good to lose.

Once, during a lunch break between rehearsals, the three fell to parodying the famed ventriloquist Señor Wences. Louie was Señor, Don the dummy and Tom the Head in the Box. Back at rehearsal they did the routine for Steve, who insisted on using it as the opener for the show, dropping the one already rehearsed.

Actually, the only time any member of this trio is ever serious is when he *must* be funny—putting humor over the air; and when he's discussing humor.

Tom admits that humor isn't easy to define. "It occurs when people are deeply involved in a serious situation and suddenly see the ridiculousness of it."

"How many situations in life really *are* serious," Don breaks in. "Look back on some in the past and you'll see what I mean."

"But the seriousness has to be knocked out of them suddenly to cause a laugh," says Tom. "Like that standard bit, a man in a top hat falling down. The pompous suddenly deflated."

"That's too primitive though," interposes Louie with his dignified detachment. "I much prefer this variation on it," and he can't help laughing a little. "It starts off the same. A man is walking along the street and suddenly trips and falls. But in this version, another man rushes over and says, 'Don't move. I'll take care of everything.' And he goes to the nearest phone and starts dialing. But the trouble is, he keeps *on* dialing. The other man lies there patiently on the sidewalk, but the dialing goes on and on and on." Louie is laughing in earnest now.

But Don has been looking at him steadily. "So what happens?"

"What do you mean, what happens? He keeps dialing. Isn't that enough?"

Don shakes his head. "So long as



you don't use that one when *I'm* on with you."

"Even if a situation remains serious and somebody *in* it suddenly refuses to *take* it seriously," says Tom, "that can produce a laugh. Look. It's the last quarter in a college football game, and this particular college must win. Everything depends on it—the college will have to close if it loses this game. One touchdown can do it, and everybody is looking to the star player. Even his girl is watching excitedly from the stands. Her father, the Dean, will prevent their marriage if the game is lost. Suddenly the hero is seen walking off the field. The coach runs over to him in a panic. 'What's the matter!' he shouts, 'where are you going!' The hero just shrugs. 'I don't know,' he smiles, 'I just don't feel like playing any more today. I thought I'd take a little walk around town.'"

"That does it," Don comes in, frowning. "Why don't you two go see me in the movie 'No Time for Sergeants' and learn something about

humor? The only reason you won't go is jealousy."

"I was going to," apologizes Louie, "until I found out that isn't you in it. It's a ventriloquist's dummy with enough of the stuffing removed to make it look like you."

"Never mind, Don," Tom puts in consolingly. "I once weighed less than you and that didn't hold *me* back. Of course I was only twelve years old at the time." And Tom looks off in memory. "I was with the Flying Zembleys then, a tumbling act, and I was so light they could throw me all around. When they did the tableau in the finale, I was the one who stood on top holding the flag. But as my muscles developed I had to keep moving down. I left the act just before hitting bottom where I would have had to hold up the whole family of Zembleys. That's getting out of a serious situation before it can become ridiculous."

Louie nods reflectively. "A serious situation held me back when *I* started out. I was with the 'little theater

movement' and they kept hammering into me the coarseness, the utter vulgarity of vaudeville and nightclub entertainment. They had me so convinced that when my idol, Sliding Billy Watson, came to the local burlesque house, I felt as if I were sneaking off to a brothel every time I went to see him." Louie shakes his head sincerely. "Sliding Billy Watson was a true artist. Those theatrical snobs I started out with could have learned a lot from him."

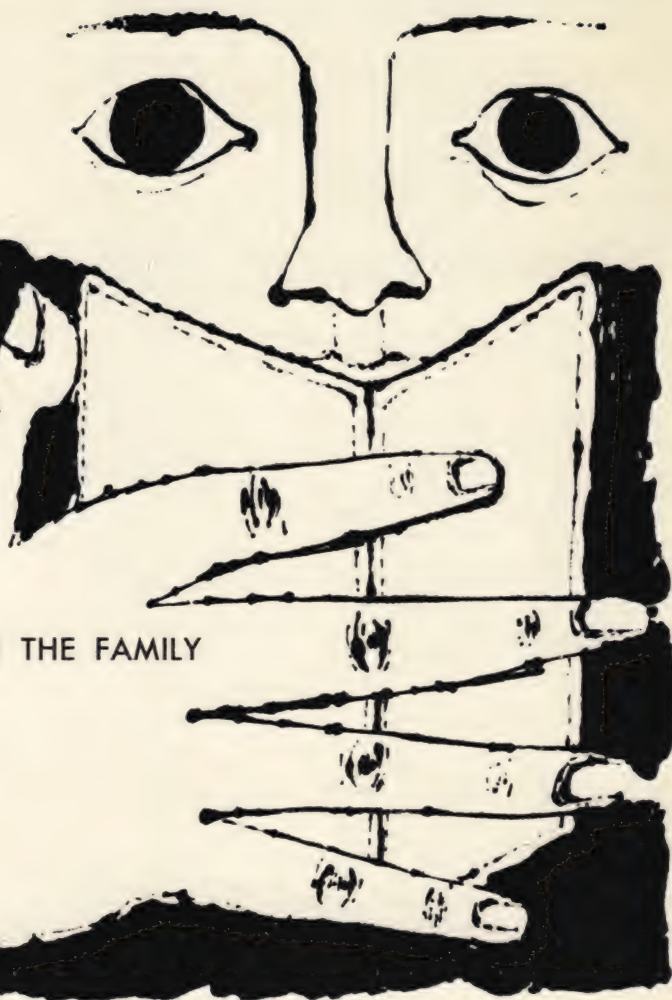
"I never bothered with that long-hair stuff," Don puts in. "Comedy is the hardest form of acting and nothing to be ashamed of. I knew real early what *I* wanted to do. I had a ventriloquist act in grammar school and I brought it all the way through college and into the army, touring with it in army shows. And it wasn't till then that I got fed up with the act. The dummy was getting all the laughs anyway. So when the army didn't let me do any new routines, I dropped the dummy overboard in

(turn to page 59)

*Two can live as wildly as four,
provided they . . .*

KEEP IT IN THE FAMILY

Jason Kirby



humor . . . WILLARD MARSH

After a final searing embrace, Carla Romano released Dave Holmes and walked him to the door of her small apartment. Dave scrubbed her lipstick off with a handkerchief, reminding himself to drop it in the nearest trashcan. Too bad, because it was an Irish linen handkerchief, part of an elaborate set Elsie had given him on their ninth anniversary. Then he stepped out into the hall. Carla lingered at the doorway, in the rose chiffon negligee that warmed her smoothly olive coloring and emphasized more than it concealed the exciting slopes and surfaces beneath it.

"When you come again?" she said, her voice still husky with the leas of passion.

"You know I can't make it till next Thursday," Dave said uncomfortably.

Carla's lower lip protruded sulkily. "Why we make love only Thursdays? This is American custom?"

"Darling, we've been over this before. It's the one safe night of the week," he said, "because my wife's away at choral practice."

"Oh yes, the singing club," she said contemptuously. "Why she need a club for singing? In Italy *everybody* sing."

Dave nodded wearily.

"Why you not tell her you have business appointments? Or to stay late at the office sometimes? Maybe tomorrow night." Carla's eyes glistened in anticipation. "Yes, I think you come tomorrow night."

"Look, darling, I'm just an accountant. I don't have business appointments. For the last ten years my hours have been nine to five. My life is as predictable as a politician's promise," he said. "Besides, I never was a very good liar."

Carla snorted. "In Italy *everybody* lie."

The elevator door slid open at the end of the hall and a sharp-featured old lady stepped out, back from a quiz show or whatever lonely old ladies took themselves to on Thursday nights. The building had two apartments to a floor, and she was Carla's fourth floor neighbor. The old lady took her time unlocking the door, eyeing them suspiciously.

Carla drew her negligee closer. "Thank you so much for delivering the message, Mr. Smith."

"What? Oh yes, the message," Dave said awkwardly. "Uh, thank you, Miss Romano."

"Why you thank me, Mr. Smith?" she asked wickedly.

"I beg your pardon? Oh. Well, I just wanted you to know how much we, uh, appreciate your cooperation and, uh—well I think it's covered pretty thoroughly in the message."

The old lady's door slammed on the hollow, unconvincing words.

Carla laughed at his discomposure. "Now she is sure I have a lover. What is this singing club of your wife?"

"It's called The Atheneum Choral Society. Why?"

But she only laughed again and blew him a kiss. "*Ciao*, my Thursday lover."

Stepping into the elevator, Dave sighed and punched the foyer button. Carla was a recent import to the States. Earlier this year a motion

picture troupe had been in Rome shooting up some frozen *lire*. They'd given her a bit part, and were impressed enough to pick her up and sign her to a stock contract. One lonely Thursday night last month Dave drove into Hollywood and spotted her in a bar-and-bowling-alley on the Boulevard. He'd also been impressed enough to pick her up. Since she lived just around the corner the proceedings were as convenient as they were exhausting. He'd never seen her acting, but if it was as ardent on screen as off she'd wind up back in Rome.

A man was waiting for the elevator when Dave got out. Tall, dark and handsome, he might have sprung full-blown from the bottom of a gypsy's tea cup. Dave held the door open for him. The man smiled his thanks and stepped inside.

He pushed the button for the fourth floor as the door slid shut.

Dave stood rooted for an outraged instant. Why, the insatiable bitch! Who was *that*—her Friday lover coming on shift a few hours early? He raced up the stairs, finally lurching out onto the fourth floor, flushed and panting. He leaned against the wall a moment to catch his breath, then slipped silently down the corridor past the elderly woman's apartment. As he so bitterly expected, there was a murmur of voices drifting from Carla's door. Dave pressed his ear to it.

"Please, *caro mio*, to make me happy?" Carla was saying cooly. "Such a little, little favor. I would do the same for you."

"Your happiness is naturally my constant concern. But to achieve it at so great a sacrifice to myself is asking the impossible." It was a man's voice, urbane, slightly accented, and thoroughly at home here.

Dave banged on the door in a green-hazed fury. There was a startled silence from inside, then after a moment Carla's head protruded. He pushed past her, but she offered no resistance. As he glared at the man

who had risen from the sofa in surprise, he heard Carla's laughter behind him.

"Mario, this is Mr. Holmes, my lover," she said. "David darling, this is my brother Mario."

And in the instant she said it he knew it was true. The family resemblance was unmistakable now. In embarrassment, he shook the hand that Mario offered him.

"I don't know what you must have thought, my busting in this way," he mumbled.

Mario's teeth shone whitely in his slimy olive features. "I thought how nice for Carla, Mr. Holmes. Treated complacently, a woman withers. But when she is guarded with a jealous eye, she blooms like a desert after rain. How often have I had to simulate this same emotion to content a dear friend."

He was about ten years older than Carla, approximately Dave's own age, which would have given him plenty of time to pick up English. And with those looks, Dave knew there'd been no lack of teachers among the wistful ladies touring Rome.

Carla twisted the cork from a wine bottle. "Now you will take some vermouth with us, David."

"Well, just a quick one for the road," he said, since it was already poured.

The three raised their glasses and Carla said, "*Tutti contenti*."

It was smooth vermouth and he let her press a refill on him, then found himself with a third, enjoying the easy continental attitude that permitted him to be conducting small talk with his mistress' brother.

"You are married, Mr. Holmes?" Mario asked lightly.

Dave felt himself redden. "Well, yes, I guess I am—"

"She is old and fat," Carla told her brother.

"No, it isn't that. In fact, Elsie kept her looks surprisingly well," Dave began, but Mario waved off any explanations.

"I understand perfectly, Mr.



THE DUDE

"How about some buttered toast? Breakfast is the only thing I've never had in bed."

Holmes. American men marry early, work hard, and have little time for romance. Then when they attain a position where they can afford such pleasures, their wives have become —" Mario shrugged in apology, "—more or less as my sister so indelicately stated. Naturally, they seek the consolation of someone, shall we say, less depressing."

Dave was beginning to feel irritated at the easy assumption of both Romanos that his wife was some old crow or something. It would be far more flattering to Carla if she realized Elsie was still an attractive woman. The only reason he was here was that, well, after a steady diet of filet mignon a man liked corned beef hash now and then. But of course it wouldn't be particularly diplomatic to put it that way. So all he could do was shake his head stubbornly and repeat:

"There's nothing wrong with Elsie's looks."

"I commend you for your gallantry," Mario smiled, obviously unconvinced. "The fact is," he told Carla, "most men fail to see the physical

defects in women they've been living with for some time. Just as one becomes accustomed to one's own gray hair and double chins, no doubt. The process is so gradual."

Dave pulled out his wallet in exasperation and flipped it open. Inside was a picture of Elsie in a swim suit, taken at Santa Monica last summer. He handed it over without comment.

"This is your wife?" Mario said in surprise. His eyes roved over the snapshot appreciatively. "Such interesting eyes. And *such* a charming figure. . ."

Carla peered over his shoulder eagerly. "But she is almost beautiful, David." Laughing, she said, "Now I am really jealous!"

Mario returned the wallet. "You are to be congratulated, Mr. Holmes, for enjoying luck in double portions."

Carla laughed again. "But not equal portions, to my sorrow."

Dave grinned and got to his feet. "I won't be enjoying anything except a cauliflower ear if I don't get home before my wife does. Can I give you a ride, Mario?"

"Thank you, no," he said, with an-

other dazzling smile. "Carla and I have to discuss a certain favor she has requested of me. When my sister's happiness is concerned, I can refuse her no less than my maximum efforts."

Dave made it back to Glendale just before Elsie got in. The following week she told him that a new tenor had joined her choral group, whose voice was as impressive as his personality. But first impressions are often erroneous, because she seemed quite vague about him after subsequent rehearsals, which were held more frequently and lasted later as time went on. The heavier rehearsal schedule seemed to agree with Elsie, though, giving her a fresh new color and a sparkle that she hadn't had since their honeymoon days. And Dave not only had Thursday evenings free to spend with Carla now, but Mondays, Fridays, and sometimes Saturdays as well.

Which made her so happy she never had to ask her brother for another favor.

OO

The sport of kings . . . and housewives.



PHOTOGRAPHY BY ROLOFSON PHOTOS



article . . . **MICHAEL FROST**

YE OLDE RALLY

As the tiny Austin-Healey screamed around the mountain curve, the carsick young housewife clutched for a handhold, straining simultaneously to read a seven-inch circular slide-rule, a stop watch, and a mileage counter in the cockpit of the bouncing sports car.

"Three seconds late," she burped.

From the shoulder of the road, a man in a plaid cap waved a flag, a horn blew, a whistle tweeted. Her husband jammed on the brakes. A matronly woman fortunate enough to have avoided navigating in the rally by serving at a checkpoint entered a time on their card and handed it back to them. "You're due out on the next leg in one minute." Noticing the girl's greenish tint, she asked curiously: "Why do we do it?"

The young wife leaned from the



car, uncertain whether to be sick or not. "Because . . . Because . . ." she moaned, "because it's fun." She looked suddenly puzzled. "Isn't it?"

The answer probably lies deep in the psyches of the drivers and "navigators" of an estimated 60,000 cars, sport and otherwise, which crossed the starting lines of some 2,000 organized navigational rallies (or "rallies" in more quaintly continental circles) last year.

Is it really fun for a woman, or a man, to bounce in an open sports car for hour after hour (in some rallies day after day) enduring turn-of-the-century roads, rain, sleet, and increasing driver irritability, all the while performing more navigational problems in a day than a jet pilot does in a year, and necessarily solving them more accurately? Is it even fun for the driver, who has his own problems?

If you have been on the highway on a weekend during the last couple of years, you have probably seen a rally whether you recognized it or not. The symptom is a sports car whizzing or crawling by, the passenger deep in mysterious calculation, the driver searching with terrible concentration for what could be a lost child by the roadside or a pot of gold hanging from a telephone pole, but constantly sneaking timid glances at his speedometer. The car will wear a number on its windshield or bumper. It will have been preceded by another such car, and will be followed in one minute by a third, still out of sight, which will be followed by a fourth, and so on. A big rally will draw five hundred cars.

It's obvious that some sort of game is going on, although, from the grim expressions of the participants, it might well be a procession of auto-

mobiles headed for a lynching. Just what are these people trying to do?

They are simply trying to maintain an average speed over a prescribed route.

The best way to visualize the game is this:

Think of each car as being accompanied by an invisible partner: a mythical, ideal car. The ghost car left the starting point at exactly the same moment as the real car. It is rolling at a given average speed along a route prescribed on a mimeographed sheet handed the real driver at the start. The actual sports car is trying to stay exactly with it at all times, donning it, so to speak, as a cloak.

When the mimeographed sheet says to change speed to another average speed, the invisible car will change instantaneously and faultlessly to the new speed, which it might hold for minutes or hours and which the real car must match. If the real car matches it, both will arrive at their destination at precisely the same second. A car is scored by the number of seconds it arrives ahead, or behind, of its mythical partner. As in golf, the lower the score, the better the standing.

Sound too simple to keep all these adults interested and uncomfortable on a Sunday afternoon? If the sheet says: "Thirty-five miles per hour," can't you just keep the needle of your speedometer at thirty-five? If traffic or road conditions slows you, speed up a little later to make up for it? When the sheet says: "Change speed to forty-two," change speed. Is that all there is to it?

No. If it were, few people would pay \$100 for accurate mileage indicators, \$180 for a brace of time pieces, \$15 for a circular slide-rule, \$160 for a set of imported, non-expandable tires. And the speaker's tables of sports car victory banquets would cease to creak under scores of dazzling trophies.

Even in the English infancy of this sport, competition was so keen that the driver required a continuing check between a clock and his mileage counter. What should his mileage read at such and such a minute? Hence, the navigator. In the last two years in the U.S., the passion for accuracy has grown to a point where the only winning navigator is one who can glance at her clock, her calculator, and the mileage counter and tell her driver exactly how many seconds he

is behind or ahead of their mythical car at any moment.

Well, why not simply drive at a fast pace to the end of the rally route, park, and wait before crossing the finish line until the time you have calculated has expired?

Because the club which has planned the rally has "check-points" along the route. They may be hidden check-points, with an official parked in an innocuous American car at the roadside, taking your rally number and the time you pass. More often, they are visible, placed soon after a route change where you may have lost seconds in confusion; always placed out of sight behind a curve where you will come upon them suddenly, without the unsporting opportunity for you to arrive early, park and wait.

So, you round a curve or a corner and trigger several people into action. One man blows a horn, or tweets a whistle, or waves a flag as you cross a chalk line. His wife, sitting yards away at a table, logs your time in, using an official clock set at the start of the rally and probably occasionally checked by short-wave radio with observatory time. Somebody else, probably their son, rushes to your car and grabs your time-card from the navigator. The ideal time—that is, the time that it would have taken your mythical companion-car to have driven the last leg—is known, from precise mathematical calculations and official mileage, made days or weeks ago. The time you started this leg appears on your card, inserted at the last check-point. Officials at this one know the time that you arrived. They write it into their record and insert it on your card. Since they know when you started the leg and when you finished the leg, they know how long it actually took you. Comparing your time with the true rally time—the time of your mythical companion—gives your official error—how many seconds sooner or later you arrived than an ideal car keeping perfectly the average speeds on the sheet.

At the end of the rally, you turn in your card to an official. If your error seems to be low enough to put you in the running—and that is low indeed—times are rechecked when the logs come in from the various check-points. The car with the lowest total error will place first, the next second, and so on. Trophies—and they are imposing ones—go to both





driver and navigator of the winning and placing cars.

Directions on the mimeographed sheet are often complicated and tricky: "Left turn at Moss Creek Road . . . At telephone pole Number 546-54 change speed to 47.3 miles per hour . . . Bear right at Y." It's easy to get lost, and you have to follow directions blindly, seldom knowing your ultimate destination at the end of the rally. After hours of minute concentration on specific turns and precise mileages, it's doubtful that you'll know even roughly where you've been.

So what seems as simple a task as that facing a cross-country tourist keeping an average speed between two towns becomes more complicated, and possibly worthy of the attention of grown-ups. Some, in fact, take their rallies quite seriously.

Enthusiastic ralliists who feel that they are on the way to a regional championship are out for blood. A few seconds error in an official's clock can be a matter of life or death; an ambiguous direction which loses a few top-notch teams can bring the wrath of Jove crashing onto the head of a harried rallymaster. The Code provides that if any leg of a rally is protested by more than fifty percent of the contestants, it will be thrown out of the scoring. It is not unusual to hear a real political campaign after a rally, as a desperate team which lost itself on a leg tries everything from baby-kissing to vote-buying to have the leg eliminated. "You protest our bad leg and we'll protest yours."

A rallymaster will lay out a route, check it over and over again, check mileages with a fifth-wheel contrivance. He will compute times, have them checked by others. He'll arrange with restaurant owners at start, lunch stop and finish to provide for the deluge of hungry motorists which will fall on a happily harassed restaurateur like Manna from the skies.

Then he'll call, if he is wise, the highway patrol and the local constabulary in towns through which the rally will be routed. Although many collectors of traffic tickets in the sports car fraternity would take exception, police claim that they do not discriminate against the small foreign car. In welcoming to Colorado the 1955 Continental Divide Rallye, Colo-

nel Gilbert R. Carrel, Chief of the Colorado Highway Patrol, said: "Accident statistics prove that traffic problems involving sports cars are practically nil. This is indicative of the high type of driver who operates them . . . you are to be congratulated."

None of the rally average speeds may exceed the posted speed limits in a given area. A traffic ticket, if admitted, disqualifies a contestant. While this does not mean that a car which has become lost or delayed will not break every rule in sight to catch up, at least it tends to keep the average participant's speed below what it might be were he out for a sunny afternoon spin in his powerful little car.

There have been accidents, even a few fatalities, on rallies, but a recent estimate claims only ten percent of the fatality rate per *rally* mile as per driving mile for the general auto public. And actively, sports car owners pay no more for insurance than other pleasure drivers, a good indication that the sport is safe.

The rallymaster before a rally will see that application blanks are mailed out to interested participants, that hotel accommodations are provided if the affair is an overnight one, that instructions are typed and mimeographed and checked, re-checked, triple-checked. Some rally announcements are 20 page affairs, in color.

On the morning of a rally, with his check-points manned, official timers set up, short-wave radios tuned to observatory transmitters, and all the incredible minutiae of such an event in working order, the rallymaster will send one last official car along the route. Signs have been known to have been repainted on the eve of a rally; a telephone pole used as a speed-change landmark may have blown down in last night's wind-storm; a highway marker may have been knocked over by a truck. Any one of these things can send a five hundred car rally into frantic confusion, with little cars flashing over the countryside, meeting in angry groups at cross roads, all reacting like hysterical ants when they meet an impassable trickle of water. The last official car is supposed to be insurance against this.

It is still a nerve-racking thing to organize. The female rallymaster of
(turn to page 64)





To the victor goes the foil . . .



GOVERNOR

Taking the directory, he threw it against the wall. He looked at the number he had written on a pad. Why call her? After all these years what the hell difference did it make? He mixed bourbon, soda and ice into a glass and lay down on the bed. There was a knock.

"Come in," he yelled.

A tall, good-looking girl entered and moved with grace and rhythm across the room. She sat down in a chair by the bed, smiled and looked around. "Well, I wondered where you went," she said.

Pulling himself up on one elbow, he

took several swallows from the drink. "There are several hundred people down at campaign headquarters who want to see me, and not a damned one has anything important." Swinging his legs off the bed, he sat up. "When a campaign's over, it's best to go some place alone and just get pleasantly drunk." He lit a cigarette. "Barbara, I want you to take the list of county managers and send them all a telegram. Thank 'em. Write whatever you think is good."

She reached across and put her hand over his. "For your sake, I'm—I'm glad it's all over."

He laughed. "Barbara, honey, some day I'll give you all the legal rights granted by a marital contract in all nations of the civilized western world." He took his hand away. "I can't locate W. C. Longman down at Sweet Falls, Apache County, and he can put the heat on Johnson. I got Young to stay off, and I think Buck has enough brother state senators anyway to be pro tem. But drive down to Apache county, find Longman, and have him call me here. Don't forget I'm registered under T. Jefferson."

"Jake," she said, crossing her long
(turn to page 70)



Reflections in . . .

FOUR
GOLDEN
EYES

pictorial essay





*. . . recollect a week end
which ran out as the sun went
down for the third time over the
old flivver and the tree stump
and the pop records you enjoyed
playing in the cabin after dark.*

*You had taken the long road
to the Georgia Everglades
for the long holiday week end
and nothing interrupted your
solid, solemn interlude from snow
and the cold, crowded city.*

*You did it in the rough:
telephones are for the eskimos;
fancy, frilly clothes are for
theater openings and expensive
restaurants, but where you were
the only theater was the wide,
cloudless sky, and your restaurant
was a pleated aluminum pot
hanging from a wobbly tripod*





on a hot, dancing camp fire.

After you left the city, it ceased to be, as if it had never been; even its memory blurred in the mottled, blue-green ripples of a refreshing cool in the lake, when your muscles ached from play and your skin swam in joyfully begotten sweat.

When you left the city you replaced five story walkups with seven story hills; soggy, steam heat for the uncanned energy of a sun that reflected both its brilliant image and your pale visage in lambent, lymphatic planes.

And when you left the city you





left all your urban accouterments behind. You arranged with your Park Avenue wit pickler to postpone the longest hour for the long week end, and he agreed to place your whole complex of repressions, suppressions, inhibitions and oedipal manifestations in a psychic safe-deposit box.

You gave TV back to "Maverick" and the Indians; Steve Allen was the guy down the road who cheerfully greeted you each time you left your cabin, and Chet Huntley was an amiable dirt farmer who made noises over a cracker barrel in the general store.

The only pictures you saw were your own . . . reflections . . . in four golden eyes.



THE



PARTY

satire . . . **DANIEL WEBBER**

I tilt my ear toward the bird voice of a highly cultivated madwoman: "All he thinks about is sex sex sex! My God — you'd think I was his mother or something. Obviously he's fixated at an oral level, and you know as well as I do that this type is practically impossible to analyze. It's a wonder he's not gay. Sometimes I think he is—I know that sounds like a cruel thing to say about one's husband, but a person has to be honest—don't you think? And the fantastic things he comes up with! You'd think we were doing a movie on Babylonian orgies."

Inside my own half hallucinated Schenley-shipped brain I turn various knobs and dials so that my entire western man organism can more fabulously dig this shindig in ye olde Westporterville. I smile like a huge grouper and land myself another highball. The lady who so knowingly wafted it to me closely resembles Phil Rizzuto, and for a moment I debate

Although this mythical setting is the hanging gardens of Fairfield County, these particular sounds will be heard at any double-dome gathering . . .

ILLUSTRATED BY DAVID ATTIE

whether I should mention this. Instead, I burble something about Frank Lloyd Wright, then glide away, feeling very mysterious and superior.

"It isn't that I don't want to. It's simply that it would debase us both. Don't you understand?" I have nerved in on a hybrid rosebud from the Bronx who is digging "Rationality" as of the moment. "There's no sense of involvement. We would be doing it for the sake of pleasure alone. I mean, it isn't that I don't want to, Henry, but we have to think of ourselves as growing, maturing human beings. What does it all have to do with mutual respect? I ask you. A little drunken wrestling on an unmade bed . . . the need to torture . . . and then what? After love-making the beast is sad. And what the hell, who wants to get depressed. You know?"

The aging jaguar next to her, one of the leading verbal salesmen for National Keep Your Self Clean Week, smiles weakly, tongues his mustache and, thinking of recipes of excitement, has at it. "You are so right, doll. So right. You took the words right out of my brain."

"Your what?"

"My uh braised sirloin. How's your ice? Still cold?"

"I have the feeling that my slip is showing."

"My grip is showing."

Full fathom five my father image lies. He's never told the truth in his life. Hunchbacks and artichoke salesmen! And whatever happened to Mickey Finn! I dive five and as I come up out of Schenley's deep I have the fear of getting the bends. Rest a bit, Max, I tells meself. They'll still be there when you surface. Be tranquil. Look about youse like a penguin appraising Cheelcroft's Ice Ledge. Steady on, Sebastian, there's nothing to be afraid of. Gotchyou, Dads.

"I hate people who lie!"

That bell tolls for me, I tell myself and manage to maneuver a foot further. A turtle-dove is wincing. A television writer is standing askance. His drink is low. His eyes are waiting for his soul to answer.

"I never lie. And I also don't know what the . . . brings this accusation out."

"You know very well that your work is rotten to the core. Why do you keep lying to yourself? Why can't you admit that you can't make it? Every time I see something of

yours on TV I want to make a bee-line for the vomitorium."

"Ha! ha! You don't quite grasp the medium of dramatic presentation. You want packages of vaudefill emptiness. And you hate yourself for it. That's why you're attacking me. Incidentally, I absolutely adore the way you stand with one leg in front of the other."

"You're cheating. Get baby another drink, pliz."

Life is being lived here, I tell myself. I am a squatter down from New York. I am desirous of settling among the landed gentry. Yums. I see a grove of very big operators. ("If you touch my . . . once more I'm going to call for the Mounties.") I have now become an antelope with no place of my own. I lope, rather more toward the big operators. An extremely large operator is holding forth. He is a direct descendant of St. George the Dragoon.

A wife, an aging toadstool, moves in. "Darling, you promised me never to get violent at parties."

"Aw, to hell with it. I want another drink."

I examine my passport. Just as I am about to discover who I am that they let across the border—I think I lied about certain basic questions—I am suddenly accosted by the hostess. She looks at me with eyes dripping with comprehension. My eyes want to drip too, but they can't.

"I'll never speak to you again if you don't let me freshen your drink up."

I tell her that I am just a small Armenian rascal looking for sanctuary, and before I know it she has actually forced upon me another screamer full of booze! Naturally I immediately become the Ambassador of France. Full of poise and all that sort of jazz. I have a mission to fulfill. I lie in wait wondering whether this gag will work.

"You can't fool me. I know you want to meet Cynthia."

What can I say? She has me dead to rights. I let her take my dank hand and literally tow me across the room to a broth of a girl who I know in my wildest dreams is the maddest nymph of modern times. (I love Albert Schweitzer too.) We examine each other with temporary awe.

"Cynthia, I want you to meet one of my dearest friends."

We both let those buffalo chips fall where they may and continue to examine each other.

"He's bright as the very dickens."

My hostess is really a very nice person. She is just a moron, that's all.

During the next half hour, Cynthia and I play games of meaningless chance. I discover that she was born. And at a particular place. Oh Mums! I tell her that when I was a tike I used to read Edgar Rice Burroughs. "Through Space to Mars" was my favorite. She, being the daughter of a well-known embezzler, thinks I'm kidding. But I'm not. But what tickets! This girl is meant for a reshoot of Ben Hur, and if Ben can't do it I will.

"Do you like movies?" she asks.

Shades of Thalberg! But I keep my glims on those tickets. What a coup, what a comeuppance for the women's suffragette movement! What a doll!

"I have room in the Loews Palace," I tell her, and our hands meet.

"Sanctuary," she murmurs, nuzzling her nose next to a certain part of my ear.

"Tranquility," I respond, and without knowing it my right hand is getting acquainted with her right side.

The party noises behind me are comfortingly pointless. I am about to make a decision. Conversations right and left are conspiring for action. Steel against damask. I discover that I am out of cigarettes. I borrow a cigarette from her. She turns her face for a moment and I catch a glimpse of rejection. So like the fourth feather I am, I ask her if I may make a phone call. She doesn't even glance back for a second of contempt. My mind is suddenly a cesspool of memory. (Nicholas, I want you to be a doctor. Help people who are sick.)

Right, Pops.

I trudge on, wondering what would happen if Lucky Luciano were to appear. Probably have a successful playwright on his right arm. What's the matter with pushing pleasure? Trouble is too many squares out there. They dig hate.

Music is being played. Man, do I dig music! Before I can quite comprehend it, a guy is telling me all about it. Leadbelly! Speak to me Daddy! Sing to me about bars and crash-outs! Give me the lowdown on iron bunks. I want to hear the sounds of deprivation! What really happens when you roll a cigarette out of toilet paper? Man tell me! I need it!

Of course, like the fake zebra I am,

(turn to page 66)



“fever!”

If the songwriter who composed Peggy Lee's great disc had seen Joan Bradshaw his temperature might have risen even higher . . .

*Despite omnipresent smog and the fact
that the movie industry seems to be in dire
straits, beauties like Joan Bradshaw still*



make a bee-line for the Pacific slopes.

Although Fred Allen claimed Los Angeles

was only habitable if you were a grapefruit,

girls like Joan gravitate to the City of

the Angels as though pulled by a

"Fever in the morning . . .



fever in the night . . ."



"Fever . . . I've got a fever . . ."



superior force of nature.

And where beauty goes can a photographer

be far behind? Ed deLong, famed for his

ability to perpetuate glamor on celluloid,

proves in this portfolio that Joan has

all the prerequisites needed to bolster

failing box office receipts.

Hollywood, you have been warned!

Your invalid industry can only recover

by increasing its temperature . . .

and if La Bradshaw doesn't raise the

movie going fever, nothing ever will . . .



here, and this is just an idea off the top of my head, but what do you think of joining me here where we'll spend the rest of my vacation? It's as good a place as any.

Dear Bradford:

I won't stand for it, Bradford Murray! If you had come to an honest belief in nudism, that would have been bad enough, but for you to pretend to it because of a bleached blonde with her ribs sticking out, is too much, much too much! I am sending this letter by special delivery and I expect a reply immediately. Reminding you that I am,

*Your wife,
Evelyn*

P.S. As you once remarked about the cardinal rule—horsefeathers!

EVELYN MURRAY
WEST TWELFTH STREET
NEW YORK, N. Y.
DON'T BE FOOLISH

BRAD

BRADFORD MURRAY
PINEAPPLE NUDIST COLONY
PINEAPPLE, N. Y.
PEEPING TOM EXCLAMATION POINT

EVELYN

Dear Evelyn:

Your last letter and your telegram were entirely uncalled for. I only wish to say that I am above any such thing, and I am sure Miss Stewart is, too. It was you yourself who taught me that being totally naked is a lot less sexy than being only partially clad because the imagination is a lot stronger than the actual thing. I assure you that this is the case with me here at Pineapple, even though, theoretically, it is supposed to be harder for a man to follow that dictum than it is a woman, though in some quarters there are doubts about this.

*Yours,
Bradford*

P. S. I am going to be Miss Stewart's partner in the ring tennis tournament, and if you will come back here right away we'll save a place in the tournament for you.

BRADFORD MURRAY
PINEAPPLE NUDIST COLONY
PINEAPPLE, N. Y.

THIS IS TO INFORM YOU THAT I AM INSTIGATING SUIT AGAINST YOU FOR DIVORCE ON GROUNDS TOO OBVIOUS NOT TO SAY ODIUS TO MENTION
EVELYN BRADFORD

Evie Darling:

I am writing this in a cell in the Pineapple jail, because quite a few things have happened since I received your last telegram. I hope,

by the way, that you have changed your mind about what you said in that, or at any rate will change it when you are through reading this. Because it's all wrong, sweetheart, it's all wrong. You will understand that after you learn what happened here.

What happened was this: That guy Randolph Brewster started to be a nudist in a big way when he tried to chisel Miss Stewart away from me as a ring tennis partner. At any rate it got to the point where he took the first sock, I swear to that, though nobody else will as they didn't notice it, because he missed and he's been here longer.

Well, he may be a big Adonis and have a lot of tan, but I've gotten pretty trim and sunburned myself since I came here, and I didn't miss. I seem to have knocked him out cold, including most of one of those flashing front teeth which I'm sure you remember.

Well, under ordinary circumstances that would have been all there was to it. I was willing to retire from the field and let him have Miss Stewart as a ring tennis partner and everything else around the place. I was getting pretty sick of Pineapple, anyway, thinking all the time about you and what you said you were going to do. But what do you think this Brewster did?

He had me arrested for assault and battery! That's the kind of a square he is. And Miss Stewart testified I started it and called me a double trouble-maker! Just what she meant by the double part of that I haven't been able to figure out except I want to assure you it did not come from my breaking the cardinal rule.

The judge gave me three days and this is the first.

I don't care so much about the above. What I'm interested in is how you feel about things. I hope you've thought it over carefully and seen, as I did when I was contemplating such severe action, that it would be a shame to do it. I'll admit I went a little haywire up here, but not to the extent that you may believe. I mean there absolutely wasn't anything between the Stewart woman and me, and I never even thought about such a thing. Even if I had, what chance has anybody got in a nudist colony? You know how everybody watches you like a cat for "anything that might obscure the esthetic purpose of the movement."

I forgave you once and I hope you're going to remember it. After all, they put me in jail, and though they let me order meals from outside, I'm suffering a lot. It's only fair, after this terrible punishment, that you forget about what you planned.

Please do that, Evie, for this poor old jailbird who never loved anybody else except you.

*With the greatest affection,
Brad.*

BRADFORD MURRAY
PINEAPPLE JAIL
PINEAPPLE, N. Y.

POOR BOY STOP BUT AFTER THIS YOU MUST NEVER TAKE OFF AS MUCH AS
YOUR COAT IN PUBLIC OR ELSE STOP LOVE AND EMBRACES

EVIE



THE LITTLE CART

(continued from page 24)

mandante. But we must go elsewhere. Perhaps to Ciudad Garcia where exists a mill to make cloth."

"But what will they say of us there in Ciudad Garcia, Josephina? Consider what jokes they will make of the manhood of San Pedro. You cannot do it. What will they say in Lerdo and in La Paz and even in Camargo?"

"I cannot help that, Commandante."

"Consider, too, the many gringos here in San Pedro, now that we have the Academy of Art. I have heard they pay as much as one hundred pesos. What gringos have they in Ciudad Garcia? All gringos are rich and crazy. You know that."

"Not so crazy that they haven't learned to go to Salinas, where there are many more and, perhaps, more beautiful girls. And, even including the taxi, they save ten pesos. These gringos of San Pedro are gaining too much wisdom. Some of them even speak Spanish well enough to persuade my girls to go with them for nothing. One of them even persuades Margarita to buy his drinks. Gringos!"

"Perhaps, if I speak to the Municipal President, he will bite you less."

La Cabrera shook her flamboyant head. "You bite so gently now, Commandante. It makes little difference. Not enough difference. Indeed, the little beers bought for your men who keep peace and order here are almost enough to match the little nibble the officials take. No, Commandante, we must leave San Pedro."

"But here you are needed, Josephina. Here you are important. In Ciudad Garcia there are many houses. They will say that your house is merely animal oil."

"We know well how to endure insults, Commandante. Especially if we are well paid to do so. Go see for yourself, Commandante, that there are no chickens in the corral. And three of my girls are embarrassed and are about to buy babies. They must have more than tortillas to eat at such a time; and they cannot work now. Scarcely more than dance for poor pennies, really."

The Commandante's tongue brought one long plume of his mustache into his mouth. He chewed thoughtfully as he mumbled, "Give

us another day. Do not sell the little tables and the chairs until tomorrow."

"It is not that I wish the bother of moving, Commandante. And, while San Pedro is small, it is rich in beautiful churches and chapels. It is simply that it lacks in manly gallantry."

"We will think of something, Josephina. Give us the favor of another day."

"Well, then, until tomorrow, Commandante."

"Good, then. Until tomorrow, if God wills it, Josephina."

"What is it, then, that passes with our rich gringos?" demanded the Commandante as he and Hilario Gomez went out through the clattering fly-curtain. "What prevents them from doing their share? You speak some words of their tongue, Hilario. What do they say?"

Corporal Hilario Gomez blinked against the blinding light of the white-walled street. "They complain that the girls are ugly and do not offer the value of one hundred pesos."

"But that is less than a day's work in their money, Hilario; and they are all rich and crazy."

The corporal shrugged. "It is as La Cabrera has told you, Commandante. They may be rich; but they are less and less crazy every day. Eight dollars, they say, is a great deal of money."

"Of course it is. Almost a month's wages to us. But to them, the gringos?"

"They say it is too much," repeated the corporal. "They say the girls are ugly."

The Commandante nodded. "It is true. The best of them is worth no more than twenty pesos, even including her little beers. But who would expect the gringos to know that?"

"They have somehow learned, Commandante, that it is cheaper and better to go over to Salinas by taxi."

"Then we cannot depend upon them to help us preserve the manhood of San Pedro against the laughter of Ciudad Garcia and of Lerdo and of Madero and of La Paz, Hilario?"

"I think not, Commandante."

"We must find some means of arousing the manhood of San Pedro, Hilario. And, also, we cannot permit the little pesos to escape our beloved little city."

"Yes, Commandante."

"We must think of something,

Hilario. I will speak with the Municipal President."

The guard slapped his rifle and stamped his heel against the flagstones as they mounted the sidewalk and went into the police station.

"I think I know what we can do, Commandante."

"And what is that, my Hilario?" The flies stirred briskly as the Commandante dropped into his chair and cupped a yawn with one brown hand.

"We can make it illegal, Commandante. We can arrest the patrons."

"Impossible, Hilario. The Little Cart pays its cabaret license and for police to provide peace and order. There is nothing illegal; except, of course, if Josephina herself accepts the money from the one who wishes to take a girl. So long as the girls merely pay her for their rooms and their beans, she has done nothing wrong."

"I am sure that it is as your wisdom and experience of the laws of San Pedro says it is, Commandante," said the corporal.

"Still," he added, "you must also know that we have only to tell the manhood of San Pedro that it must not and cannot do thus and so; and, then, that is the very thing they will want most to do. And they will do it, whatever the cost. In pesos or in blood."

The Commandante slapped his leg. "You speak as a man inspired, my Hilario. You have reason. We will make The Little Cart illegal. You will arrest all of the patrons tonight. I will arrange matters with the Municipal President and the other officials."

"And tomorrow night?"

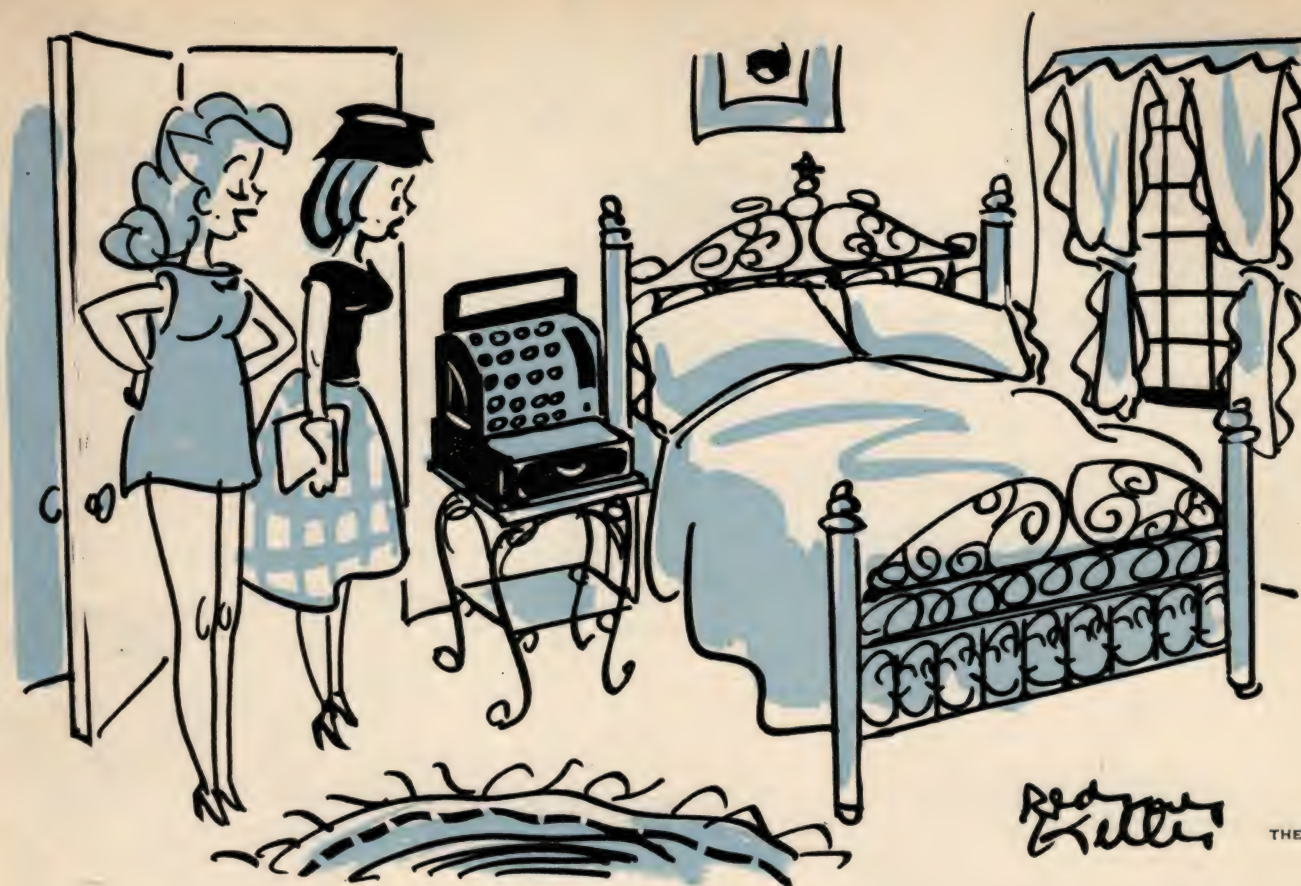
"The doors of The Little Cart will be closed, Hilario. There will be no police, in uniform, inside The Little Cart. The patrons will have to knock softly at the door. The music machine will merely whisper; and you will arrest two or three patrons. As they are leaving."

"But it would be very illegal, Commandante."

"It is better to be very illegal than just a little illegal, Hilario. As you will see."

Thus it is that The Little Cart rolls merrily along, and the manhood of San Pedro is as assured of respect in neighboring towns and villages as it has been for these four hundred years past.

OO



THE DUDE

"Do you think it looks too commercial?"

THREE GUYS

(continued from page 31)

mid-Pacific and they had to let me."

The backgrounds of all three "Men in the Street"—little theater, summer stock, Broadway, as well as radio and TV—are sufficient training for taking it from where the Marx Brothers left off. But whether or not they will cannot be predicted at this time. For TV is still too young to know exactly what it wants yet, and tastes in humor are forever changing.

Chaplin, probably one of the greatest pantomimists in history, was made to order for the silent films. The Marx Brothers, combining pantomime with dialogue, held top position in the "talkies." But a comedian's popularity isn't based only on his adaptability to his medium. He must meet the comedy values of his time.

The most successful have met both requirements. Chaplin portrayed an individual incapable of finding a place for himself in a society of rugged individualism. Later, when individual opportunities to found small kingdoms were on the wane, W. C. Fields took over. Fields represented a mem-

ber of society only too happy to remain apart from it and work things out on his own; and, by skulduggery, even work against the society. "Never give a sucker an even break," was the motto of the famous character he created, and his own irreverence for things in general can be summed up in an observation he made to the press, "A man who hates children and dogs can't be *all* bad."

Fields' style of humor carried into the thirties, but times were still changing and, with them, fashions in comedy. In the thirties there wasn't enough money around for even an individual who broke all the rules, and humor was no longer based on opposition to the existing social order: It was based on a refusal to take that, or anything else, seriously. To call this the era of the shaggy dog story sums it up. Humor was a delightful escape into goalless idiocy, and the Marx Brothers led that escape.

Today we have a new medium and new social attitudes, and successors to the Marx Brothers will have to fit them. Here's a guess at what the requirements will be:

1. Brevity. Time on the air is so expensive that comedy skits must be measured in minutes.

2. Less quality. TV uses up material so fast that quality may have to drop somewhat—but let's hope not.

3. Team work. This being an age of group, rather than individual function, top comics will come in teams rather than as individuals.

4. "Gung Ho." Modern comedy will not be in sympathy with characters unable to cope with existing conditions, nor with characters who oppose or make fun of them. Modern comedy will be directed against the die-hards who still hold out for individualism and apartness.

Adding it all up, we might conclude that the most successful comedians will be: (a) a group (b) capable of an endless series of (c) non-repetitious (e) jam-packed capsules (d) of pantomimic and (e) verbal humor. Or, more simply, the Marx Brothers streamlined.

The "Men in the Street" seem to fill these requirements. Let's see what happens.



INTERNATIONAL OUTLOOK

A Dude Service: business forecast as seen in the office cloudy crystal ball . . .

Pictorial essay

AMERICA: Auto crisis imminent: influx of sports cars, racing and rallies having definite effect on U.S. men and their ladies. . .

The Dude, always concerned with relations between nations, wonders what would happen to world tension—and, incidentally, the stock market—if the following solutions to ticklish international problems were adopted:

If Miss Egypt of 1959 were to woo and win Israel's Mr. Kibbutz and be presented as a veiled bride by President Nasser, with the Suez Canal as dowry . . .

(BUY: Figs . . . shares in Aqaba Straits)

If, in order to settle the sabre-rattling dispute between Ice-



SPAIN: Between bullfights and Ava Gardner, Spain's political climate remains on the rise. No place for bears in this market.

land and England about fishing waters, a "fishing-story-telling" contest were held, the Britisher or Reykjaviker telling the biggest lie, in accordance with usual diplomatic procedure, winning all for his country . . .

(Play it safe: **BUY** fish and chips)

If, in order to promote Pan-American relationships, the son of every South American and Caribbean chief of state were to marry a North American actress and return the U.S.A.'s foreign aid via consumer purchases . . .

(**BUY:** Shares in Hollywood . . . and foreign cars)

SWITZERLAND: Production of edelweiss and cuckoo clocks maintaining . . . climbing the Alps continues despite all efforts to turn mountains into molehills.



PHOTOGRAPHY BY ZOLTAN GLASS/P.I.P.



IRAQ: New Baghdad pact in the works. Biggest exports: turbans, egrets, gems and wild, wild women.



GREAT BRITAIN: "Coffee breaks" toppling tea. Empire concerned about strip-tease palaces in staid London. Toppers still de rigueur.

DEAR BOTHERED! MOVE OVER

(continued from page 22)

letters to HER husband and let him handle it in his own way?

BOILING OVER

Abby, evidently at a loss for a squelcher — possibly because her boffola consultant had been called on an emergency case of gag depletion in the Borscht Belt—mirthlessly advised Boiling Over to thresh the matter out with her own husband. Then, in ensuing columns, she printed what purported to be a sampling of no less than 25 letters that had come from as many frantic women, each confessing that she was the author of the incriminating box-full of mush and beseeching Abby's services as referee or go-between. *Time* quoted a few of the letters, but passed up the opportunity of commenting on how closely the whole sequence resembled the plot of Schnitzler's *The Round*, of several entries in Balzac's *Droll Stories* and Boccaccio's *Decameron*, and of many licentious tales of more ancient lineage. The item noted, however, that Abby was engaged at the time in promoting a new book of letters-and-answers from her column. This circumstance made me wonder whether Miss Van Buren, to hype the column for publicity purposes, might conceivably be employing some veteran revamper of the antique comediettas and fabliaux not only to assist in the shaping of her replies, but to contribute to the Incoming basket as well, in the immemorial role of stooge or straight man. At any rate, the book has since been clawing its way upward on the best-seller lists, spurred on by advertisements which offer a sampling of the "hundreds of Abby's best . . . the funniest questions, and the wisest and wittiest

answers" assembled in the volume. Viz.:

DEAR ABBY: My boyfriend took me out for my twenty-first birthday and wanted to show me a very special good time. I usually don't go in much for drinking, but since it was an occasion to celebrate, I had three martinis. During the dinner we split a bottle of champagne. After dinner we each had two brandies. Did I do wrong? *Blondie*
DEAR BLONDIE: Probably.

DEAR ABBY: My boyfriend is going to be 20 years old next month. I'd like to give him something nice for his birthday. What do you think he'd like? *Carole*
DEAR CAROLE: Never mind what he'd like. Give him a tie.

DEAR ABBY: I am 44 years old and would like to meet a man my age with no bad habits. *Rose*
DEAR ROSE: So would I.

DEAR ABBY: I know that boys will be boys, but my "boy" is 60 years old and he's still chasing women. Have you any suggestions? *Clara*

DEAR CLARA: Don't worry. My dog has been chasing cars for years, but if he ever caught one he wouldn't know what to do with it.

I don't know whether Abby has ever heard the one about the two farmers sitting on the porch and this hen comes tearing around the house chased by this rooster. . . . I don't know because I haven't read her book, but I have a whole headful of similar sockdollagers and pippininos, all just as adaptable as that one to the use of lovelornists of the new,

or give-'em-a-stone-and-lay-'em-in-the-aisles, persuasion.

What is happening today, as I see it, is a case of nature—imitating art, in the shape of Nathanael West's modern classic, *Miss Lonelyhearts*. The novel, first published in 1933, was so far ahead of the times in its beat-to-the-socks anti-sentimentality that it gravitated rapidly to the remainder stacks, and the first movie made of it, with Lee Tracy in the title role, bore no discernible resemblance to the savage original. Since West's death in 1940, at the age of 36, the novel has been reprinted several times, in increasingly large editions, and Dore Schary has recently announced his determination to bring his own faithful dramatization of it to the screen. There is surely nothing in the role of the protagonist, a Christlike reporter who is tortured and finally crucified by the agonies of his petitioners, to have inspired the Misses Landers and Van Buren. But in the character of Shrike, the misanthropic feature editor who mocks *Miss Lonelyhearts* and his bedevilled congregation, you have the perfect archetype of the latter-day lovelornist.

That Abby has correctly gauged the mood of the contemporary audience—even more sharply than her sister Ann—is indicated by her swift climb. Since she tossed off those 70 samples of her snappy retorts a scant three years ago, thus cinching her first contract, her column has become, as her publishers put it, "the source of not-so-innocent merriment to the 30 million readers of over 200 newspapers." How many sincere seekers of advice she may have felled with her rapier wit is left out of the reckoning, but it is manifest that their number is vast and growing. It is equally evident that if such sobersided sob sisters as Dix, Haworth, Fairfax and Blake are to wind up anywhere in show position, they are going to have to start yokking it up, too, and conceivably even the good Dr. Franzblau will feel compelled to introduce an occasional Sick Joke into her solemn counsel if she is to hold her relatively eggheaded readers.

Much as I deplore the trend, my allegiance to the old-school agonists is such that I stand ready to offer my assistance to any of them who may wish to get with it. As a sample of what I am prepared to provide in this line, I have roughed out a few



**Which you'll find out about
in the March issue of *The Dude*, but not before.**



THE DUDE

"You're hired!"

bits of serviceable raillery to match some common quandaries. In each of the following exchanges, I have taken the problems verbatim from the columns of various serious-minded lovelornists and abridged them slightly. Though Abby may well have beaten me to some of the punch-lines that I have appended, I plucked them fresh out of my head, where their seeds were implanted years ago by such immortals as Capt. Billy Fawcett, Joe Miller and Rags Ragland. Gentlemen, be seated:

Q. He's everything I ever wanted in a man. . . . The only trouble is all he wants to do on a date is go to the drive-in theatre. . . . What I'm wondering is how I can get him to take me out some place else. . . .

A. (1) Why upset the economy? They say that millions are made in those drive-ins. (2) Suggest a drive in the country and see how far he can go on a gallon of gas. Q. My boy friend Pete's in the service and I promised him I'd be true to him. . . . One night I

met my cousin and he insisted that I go and have a pizza with him and his boy friends, and I went. Pete found out about this and has been writing me very cold letters saying anytime I want to cancel out on the deal, he'll know the reason why. What should I do?

A. Tell him you couldn't help it—it was such a long time since you'd had a pizza.

Q. When he asked me to marry him, I hesitated. Something about his appearance bothered me. I suggested plastic surgery and without hesitation he underwent it. . . . As soon as we were married I became aware that he was impotent.

A. Just what *was* it about his appearance that bothered you, doll?

Q. The money I earn is not enough to take her out for a good time. What should I do until I'm earning more?

A. Ask her what nights she's free.

Q. I am very fond of a girl, but

do not know if she likes me. How could I find out?

A. Try her out on the subject.

Q. How can I keep my daughter from getting hurt in the long run?

A. Teach her to hold back on those first laps.

But that's all the free samples I am authorized to hand out today, folks. To any prospective clients who are tempted by these samples, I can guarantee to undercut the competition rate-wise. Whatever the problem, the grievance, the betrayal, the failure, the disappointment, the wretchedness, misery or woe—small medium or overwhelming—you'll find me ready with a nifty jibe for it. My place of business is right in front of the county poorhouse, under a mammoth jester's cap emblazoned with the legend: "THE THREE WISE GUYS. Hot Chestnuts to Order for Broken Engagements, Divorces, Imprisonments, Commitments, Farewell Parties, Funerals and Wakes. MERRY ANDREW, Prop."

OO

YE OLD RALLYE

(continued from page 39)

a recent championship affair, covered by a national picture magazine, came through quite calmly, but her fiancé missed the rally. He was in the hospital with ulcers.

The complexities of setting up a rally need not perplex the average ralliest. All you need is a foreknowledge of where one will start, dug from the foreign car classified sections, the two-to-five dollar entrance fee, a complacent and preferably mathematically inclined wife to navigate, and a working speedometer and trip-mileage counter. It is doubtful whether anyone today would win with such primitive equipment, but even without rally counters, stop watches, or a circular sliderule, you should be able to find your way from the start to the finish of a rally. You might even arrive at the finish within a few minutes of the right time, if you don't get lost en route.

You don't even need a foreign car. If there is a latent snobbishness which causes some clubs to spell their rallies as "rallyes," it has not yet resulted in American cars—"Detroit iron"—being barred from sports car rallies. The theory has been that on the twisting back roads of a good rally, an American car with its high center of gravity would be too unstable to keep up the averages.

The theory is continually being disproved. American cars have been top contenders in European rallies for years. And on the 1956 Great Western Rally, sponsored by the Long Beach M.G. Club, a 1950 Mercury sedan piloted by Mr. Bill Hedy and navigated by his teen-age son, containing Mrs. Hedy as well, lurched along the tough old coastal route from Los Angeles to Monterey, California, with a total error of 43 seconds. It had beaten almost 100 sports cars. At the victory banquet in Monterey that night, there was a valiant attempt at sporting applause as the winner and his son walked to the speaker's table to receive their cups, but a noticeable pall hung over the congregation for the rest of the evening.

Having arrived in your car at the starting point (and it will usually be a hang-out of sports car devotees, like Los Angeles' "Blarney Castle Restaurant," or Long Island's "Bella Vista"), you enroll by paying a small fee, applied against trophies. You sign an agreement to hold the spon-

soring club blameless in the event of an accident, and often another agreement to stay sober during the event.

You are given a number for your car and a starting time. As you pull up to the starting line, you are handed a sheet of directions, which your navigator will immediately begin to read as fast as she can. On the exact second, you are released and begin the rally. You simply follow the directions, at the prescribed average speeds, changing speeds and directions when the instructions say. If all goes well you will come upon check-points on the route. There your error will be determined for each leg.

If this sort of thing appeals to you, you'll sooner or later find yourself the possessor of a foreign car, a plaid cap, a car coat and imported driving gloves. You'll own from one to seven stop watches, which you'll wear around your neck for twenty-four hours to establish the going error under bouncing conditions. (And will thereafter check during a rally on a short-wave radio adaptor in your car.) You'll have sprung for a rally counter on the passenger's side, two circular sliderules, a hand-held searchlight for night rallies, maps, an extra speedometer cable, many pencils, a compass, a sheaf of forms for navigation, a tire pressure gauge, and very likely rather expensive non-expandable foreign racing tires.

On your dashboard, you'll begin to accumulate rows of little metal rally plaques, given to contestants at the beginning of a rally as a sort of service stripe for wear and tear on the ego. And soon, if you are lucky and learn to remain calm and stay on the route while your navigator learns to remain calm and work a sliderule, you'll begin to collect some rather imposing hardware. There are so many trophies given at rallies—many of them donated by car dealers—that the owner of a sports car with the usual foreign disdain for luggage space may have to make two trips home: one with his trophies and one with his wife.

But be sure to go back to get her. You'll need her next rally. Rallying is a family affair. There's a story in sports car circles about a zealot who threw navigational problems at his wife for weeks in their living room, kicking her chair to simulate bumps on the road. To be sure, unmarried couples rally together—and some of the top-notch rally teams are com-

posed of two men. There are all-girl teams, too. But the great majority of sports cars on rallies will be man-and-wife affairs.

This is strange, for the strain on the marriage knot would seem to be severe. Couples who arrive deep in the coils of marital love at starting areas are by the finish often ready for divorce. The wrath of a wife at a bridge table whose husband has just trumped her ace, is as nothing to that of a woman who has endured heat, dust and incredible terrain all day, and whose time card shows fantastically low errors, when her husband misses the last turn and blows the whole affair. And very little can compare with the acidity of a man who has been racing to make up three minutes of lost time when his wife suddenly informs him as they round a corner and come upon a check-point that she subtracted wrong—he is two minutes ahead.

If it can be called a sport, it is a sport which tests severely the good humor of its participants. A Long Beach doctor active in sports car circles has said that no one should get married without taking his fiancée on at least one rally. But there is something of the solidity of a couple about to cross the plains in a wagon train in the determination of a man and wife arriving at the start of a rally. And on the wife, if she is navigating, rests almost the full responsibility of winning the game. Her husband can help by not getting lost; he can help by steady and skillful driving; he can help most of all by keeping his mouth shut as she works. But in the final analysis, she is the key member of the team.

Is this the reason a young housewife who may have had trouble getting through high-school algebra and who gets carsick in the family sedan will sit for hour after hour solving split second problems in rate, time and distance in a bouncing sports car? Because it gives her a chance to play a game with her husband in which she's absolutely essential?

Or is it because it gives her a chance to get away from the children? Or because it feels so good when she stops?

Ask her as she climbs stiffly from her bucket-seat, rumped, red-eyed and queasy from a ten-hour rally.

She'll probably say, a little defiantly, "Because it's fun . . ."

○○



"The usual, Mr. Lundquist?"

THE PARTY

(continued from page 50)

I don't really mean it. I know I just want the feel of it. I would be scared to death to say good morning to a turkey. Oops! Play on while I fake it. Forgive me. Lead, man, I'm gonna give a speech at your funeral. I'm gonna have a Brooks Brothers nerve on. Cause I can't afford them real gone stripes.

An Egyptian armpit accosts me. I stare through his beard and I see centuries of hysteria, narcissism, and garden variety exhibitionism. I make believe I am a tourist from South Dakota, a high school teacher on a summer vacation in the cradle of civilization, guide book in hand, awaiting revelation, a bit bug-eyed. "I once played tennis against E. Victor Seixas!" he roars. Praise Allah, I murmur. "I read Proust in the original when I was eleven years old!" Love it, I sigh. "I had my first heterosexual sex fantasy when I was a year and a half!" Coo. "I eat hot pastrami sandwiches for breakfast and have no weight problem! I hate Picasso!" Before dissolving in a dribble of induced adoration I gently kneel him in the groin of his soliloquy saying I have to call me mums. I am off.

"I'm getting an electronic needle for my hi fi set," somebody next to me announces. I squint my beady little red eyes and discover that a Madison Avenue mushroom has spoken. He has a crewcut that dates back to Charlemagne.

"Don't you just love Maria Callas," a stunningly cold-look model next to him says.

"And then I'm going to put a baffle board in my bathroom," the mushroom goes on.

I decide I need to go to the bathroom. But just at this crucial point the model glances my way, and I am a goner. Cause you see, I'm a bit

queer for vacuums. I dive into the sauce for a sec, and move in for the kill. This babe makes two thousand a week modelling perfumed sheep fat and aero-dynamic girdles. I present her with one of my finest garfish smiles, toss her three or four searing metaphors on the contemporary scene, and wait for bells to ring.

"Didn't I meet you at Dody Weeks' party last week?" she says.

My ego sags like a deflated balloon, but I try once more. I present her with the true story of modern man and how it all came about. Then I abandon my previous grin for a baboon oval, and wait again for the jackpot.

"Are you sure I didn't meet you at Dody's? Then you must have a twin."

Ah well, they burned Savonarola, I tell myself and withdraw what's left of my mangled arm. The Perfect Vacuum returns to the mushroom, and Leslie Ford scores another triple play. By this time I have the horribly intimate suspicion that I am actually in the waiting room of the Menninger Clinic. I peer about for Nijinsky, or de Maupassant, but my vision is blurred by my hostess winging down on me with another beaker of booze. This time she looks rather like Bela Lugosi's mother. I thank her with one of the slimiest smiles since 1929.

"Having a good time, sweetie pie?" she trebles, and before I can hiccup twice she plunges a stuffed olive in my mouth and darts away. Naturally, I want to spit it out on the floor but since I am the yellow cur I am, I wash it down with some bongo juice. The music has now changed to Sauter-Finnegan. The jungles of outer space have been opened up, Dads, so tighten the crash belt of your cerebral cortex and get with it. I do. All around me vast and astounding things are happening. Across the room, under a spreading Modigliani,

a novelist's recently divorced wife is being verbally raped by a two-headed literary agent. My ruby red orbs slide over to a gathering of rich malcontents. They are howling savagely about racial inequalities. One of them, who has his arm wrapped around his girl's back, claims the whole lousy thing started with the invention of the steam engine.

Hail to thee, John Wilkes Booth! I cry, and hurl myself into the jet stream. Two treading gay ones block my way.

"After many a summer dies the swan," one of them whispers to the other.

"Bronzini," the other sighs, little tears running down his baby bottom face.

I glide on, buoyed by Mother Seagram's Self Rising Spirits. The entire modern scene stretches out before me like a day old pizza against the sky. I can hardly believe it is so rich and yummy and fabulously fragmented. Why doesn't somebody write a book about it? a hyena in me asks, and laughs wildly. Suddenly some extremely tasty vibrations connect with my tuners, and before I can resist in my usual manly way, I am being electronically pulled into the aura of a young actress who is up to her verbal armpits in theater.

"I'm having trouble with my adjustments lately!" she shrieks.

A sly faced rotter next to her—I am positive that he is convinced he is the Thief of Baghdad—wraps his sly faced arm around her. "Maybe I can help you, doll. What was your last adjustment?"

"I was playing the part of a sick Swedish orphan," the young actress howls, forcing me to nuzzle my highball in fright, "who has just fallen in love with a butcher's boy who turns out to be a louse. The emotion in it is terrific. Now my adjustment in it, since I can't play it straight, is that I am actually twenty-two and he is my little brother. But it doesn't work!"

"Of course not! You adorable little thing!" the rotter squeals. "You should have imagined yourself a piece of cantaloupe about to be eaten by a baboon."

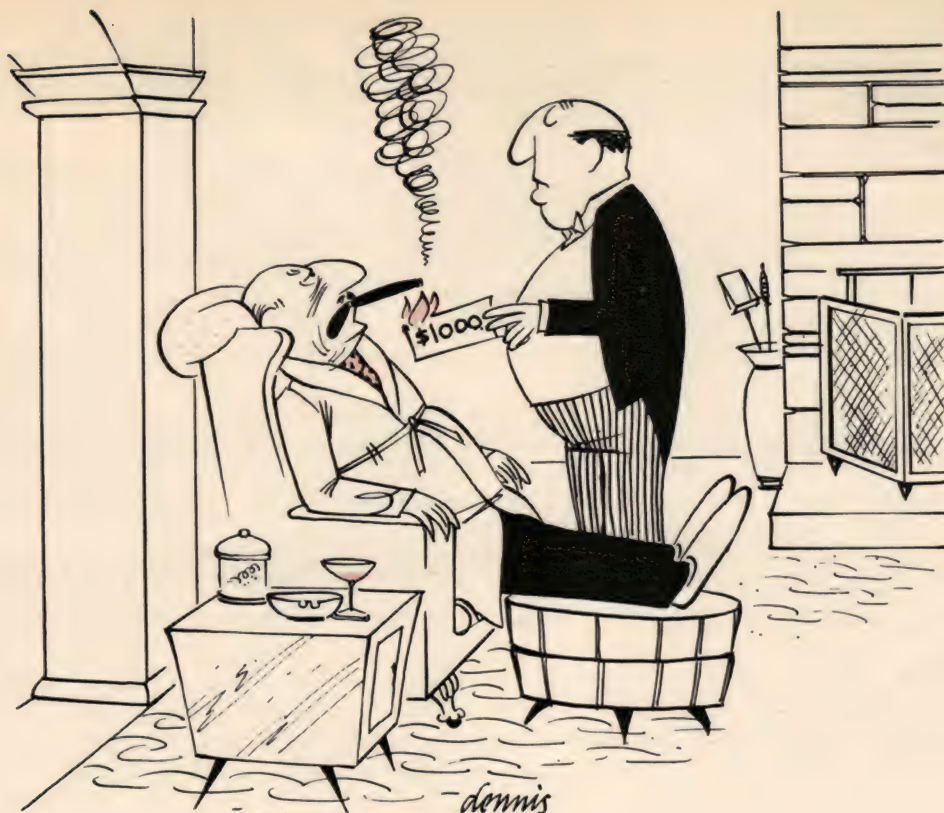
I leave them as they fall sobbing into each other's summer stock arms. I am beginning to feel like a dish of black eyed peas. But this is o.k. I've felt like food lots of times. A former old friend grabs my free hand with



"Once aboard the lugger . . .

and the gal is mine . . . all mine!"

In the March issue of The Dude.



THE DUDE

dennis

"Quick, put it out, Jeeves! Save some for later!"

the mistaken notion that it is a subway strap. I twist him gently with my judo and he hurtles through the air to somebody else. "I want to talk to you one of these days," he shouts. "You've been acting kind of strange lately." But I only smile like a Japanese admiral and glide on.

Things are building up here, I tell myself. An explosively dramatic thing is going to occur. The hi fi set has gone off its rocking chair and is playing sounds direct from Dante's Inferno. My little knees begin to tremble, so I take a huge slurp of my joy juice. I'm not sure I haven't been here since last spring. The air is tensing up like the inside of a nose cone. I get the feeling this place is very shortly going to have a re-entry problem. The hostess grabs at me, but I can only give her a carbon copy of my Rorschach test.

Three professional liars and two East Side leeks brush by me going God only knows where. I suddenly see—through a dense radioactive layer of utter hysteria—a pair of gams I think I recognize. I nuzzle closer. Sure I know them. They belong to my ex-wife. Man do I need help! I cry and start to run for my life.

I am last seen heading toward the little boys' room. Hold my sauce cup, Dads, I'll be right back—and I don't mean Glen Cunningham either.



BULL!

(continued from page 9)

thirty inches wide, is nowhere to a bull. He can't see him very clearly, anyway, and even if he could, his gait, which is lumbering rather than direct—unlike the leap of a panther—makes it easy for the toreador to dodge the bull. A bull, unlike a cat or dog, cannot quickly change direction. Once he starts to charge, he goes straight. Everyone knows this, but it is one of the things you don't admit. The plain fact is that getting gored by a bull is just about like getting gored by a revolving door.

People who know little about bull-fighting seem to have the notion that the fight is between one man and one bull, but this is far from reality. The fight is actually between one bull

on the one side and as many as six men, plus two or three highly trained horses on the other. These additional troops assist the matador in his task of tiring the bull before the kill.

The assistants are mounted on horses, typically two of them, which are heavily quilted against the bull's assault (a horse presents a target that even a myopic bull can perceive). These are the men who waken the bull by placing small, sharp, dart-like knives into his shoulders. These cause rather profuse bleeding, with its consequent fatigue, so by the time Banjo-eyes Gonzalez is ready to kill the bull, it is already half-dead. There are additional stooges in this glorious and historic drama and these are the assistant matadors who come to the aid of The Champ whenever it looks as if he might be in serious trouble. They wait on the sidelines, during the final or fatal act of this playlet, and if somebody goofs they rush out with wild cries and divert the bull from his goal, which is the man. Thus the bull, no matter what happens to the matador, is absolutely and irrevocably doomed when he first enters the ring.

What makes this thing even more

ludicrous—and tragic, if you wish—is that the bull is not only half-blind, drained of blood and half-dead when he is killed, but that he is a stupid animal to begin with. Anybody who stuck knives into a dog or cat—or any other living thing—would discover that the animal would not hang around for more. It would run away. Who wouldn't? Well, a bull wouldn't, which is why they have bullfights and not tiger fights. Furthermore—and this is a point always ignored by the prose masters of the bull ring—this is not the matador's first bullfight; he knows the tricks. But it is the bull's first fight and because it is his first it will be his last. Is this, gentlemen, a sport?

They tell us that the bullfight is a spectacle, and so it is. But so are the Rockettes. And so is a child's birthday party. A bullfight is a spectacle, but only a corny one. A bullfight is merely show business. A boxer's costume—trunks—is utilitarian and so is the uniform of a football player. But a matador's outfit is neither utilitarian by reason of lightness, such as a boxer's trunks, or by reason of protection, such as the padding on a right guard's shoulders. That red suit is simply gaudy theatricalism. The gold braid, the tight pants, the buckles on the shoes: this is summer stock. The cutting off of the bull's ear after the kill is worse: this is bad summer stock.

As for the brave men who fight the brave bulls—the matadors! What a legend of rubbish has been thrown out about them. How about their romantic conquests? Do you know who it is that a man sleeps with in Spain? It is his wife or it is a prostitute. This is a fact of life, well known to anyone who has ever been in Spain more than one night. There is no point in arguing (at least not here) whether this is wrong or right. It simply is.

So the myth of the pretty *senorita* making it with the handsome *matador* while her rich fiancé *tromps* through the streets of Cordoba looking for her is what it is—a myth.

It is very possible that lady tourists from the U.S.A. or England wouldn't mind, but the propriety of the Spaniard—even a bullfighter—would make it impossible for him to ask her and equally impossible for him to accede if she asked him. Carmen, fellows, is an opera.

The matador is by no means the worldly and charming Don Juan of literary history. He is typically a farm boy. (Urban kids don't get a chance to fool with bulls.) If he becomes a success, he makes a lot of money and naturally this goes to his head, so he buys an Alfa Romeo, some flashy clothes, some flashy girls and, when he is not working, he sits around cafés with the flashy girls in his flashy clothes. He is certainly no intellectual, given to muttering Hemingwayisms about the eternal verity of the bull ring nor is he—because he can't—going to spend much time dancing the night away with Ava Gardner.

His nights he will spend with his chicks, or his fellow Brave Ones or—more likely—he will spend them arguing with his manager, and it can be mentioned here that the manager of a bullfighter has a set of financial morals which make the blood run cold. He makes an American prize fight manager look like early Shirley Temple.

The typical bullfighter is vain, somewhat sullen, given to the rustic pleasures of his youth. He knows his manager is taking too much of the loot, he knows his girls are not only certainly impoverishing him but probably cheating as well, and he suspects darkly that his vogue will be short lived. Nothing is so fickle as a bullfight audience, and this figures, too, because these bullfight fans have

lived so long with the legends they themselves have set up that to express any kind of permanent admiration for the man, rather than for the fight, is a complete contradiction. There are exceptions of course. Manolete was widely esteemed and so was Belmonte.

But despite the centuries of propaganda, the bullfighter is not particularly fearful of his life. Statistics on this are hard to come by, but probably not more than 50 bullfighters have been killed at their trade. This makes bullfighting considerably more hazardous than ping pong, but it is this observer's view that riding in a Spanish bus can be considerably more frightening than fighting a Spanish bull. That's how to really face a moment of truth: take a trip on a Spanish bus.

The bullfight is often compared to the ballet, a form of expression which, to some extent, it resembles. There is the air of unreality in both of them. There is the elaborate and somewhat effeminate costuming. There are the elaborate sets in both cases, since a bullfight ring is nothing but an elaborate set.

And of course, finally, there is the music. But there is a difference between ballet music and bullfight music. Ballet music comprises waltzes or czardas or shimmering, almost unaccented, tone poems. Not so the bullfight music.

The bullfight music, which to anyone but the fiend sounds exactly like the home work of a Boy Scout trying to make a field medal for blowing the bugle, consists entirely of pasadobles, a march-like, monotonous rhythm which, when not employed in the bull ring, is a Spanish dance, somewhat akin to our now outmoded two step. There is no doubt that the two step had a certain popularity, but so did the Big Apple. But it is to this tempo, strictly regulated by—so they say—centuries of tradition that the Spanish bullfight is conducted. This is perhaps the pinnacle of bullfight silliness.

Is it possible to imagine a heavy-weight prize fight conducted to, and regulated by, the tunes of such dances as the Lambeth Walk, the Bunny Hug or even—to bring in the centuries of tradition—the Turkey Trot?

Come on, Master Lyons. Bring on your brave bulls. . . .

An Act of Love . . .



*Which you'll find out about
in the March issue of The Dude, but not before.*



it's
about
time...



*A fine watch
in scintillating surroundings,
a magnificent example
of the watchmaker's art,
each watch
comes with a guarantee.*

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surround
this exquisite time piece,
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THE GOVERNOR

(continued from page 41)

legs and letting the dress slip up, "doesn't the Judge care about how you're organizing the State Senate?"

He walked across the room and looked out the window upon the city. It had taken a long time. Lillian. Damn her. She's out there. Always be there. He drank all that was left in the glass. "Barbara, honey, never make 'em if you can't break 'em. And another good reason is the Judge wants to be a U.S. senator after his four years as governor. He'll make a good governor—likes to see his name in the papers and sign pictures of himself." Jake smiled. "With Buck as pro tem, I can get anything I need out of the State Senate. After the senate is organized, there will be other things." He turned and looked at her. "Take care of those deals for

me. You should be able to make it back by eight, and we'll have dinner brought up here."

She rose and he walked over to her. Good-naturedly, he whacked her across the hips, and the flesh felt soft, warm, inviting. "See you tonight, honey. If you need anything, call me," he said and kissed her.

Barbara left and Jake mixed another drink. After asking for an outside line, he dialed Lillian's number. It was probably a maid who answered, and she called Lillian to the phone. "Hello, Mrs.—what's that last name?" He hoped it sounded tough enough. "This is Jake."

There was a long pause. "Hello," she said.

After taking several gulps from his drink, he put the receiver in his other hand. "Lil, I'm in room 817 at the Heraldton. Come up—now!"

"No! Jake, no—I can't do that."

Jake smiled. "You don't read the papers," he said in a threatening tone. "But you should know who handled the Judge's campaign, and I'll be running the highway division. I'll give you an hour, Lil. One hour. If you don't show, there's one road-building outfit that won't get a good contract for four years."

There was a short gasp. "Oh, Jake! Why can't you forget about it? Why?" A faint sob. "And — and someone might see me going in."

"Wear dark glasses or something. Remember, the room is 817. I'm registered under another name. See you in an hour." He slammed the receiver back on the hook and reached for the newspaper.

Although there were some counties where the Judge should have run better in the Democratic primary run-off, the morning edition did not carry complete returns. Some of the boys hadn't done their best. He tossed the newspaper on the bed. Eight years, he decided, is a helluva long time to remember any woman.

Why didn't he just forget about the whole thing? Puffing rapidly on a cigarette, Jake paced back and forth in the large room. With women and politics, he thought, winners take everything—at least in the early part of their administrations. Taking a pencil and the newspaper, he lay down on the bed and spent several minutes going over the long list of election returns, drawing circles around names of some of the counties. Then, he decided to shave.

After the hot water, the lather felt cool. What did he want from Lillian? How did she look after seven years? Seven years ago, he decided, he should have smashed a fist into her lovely face. He had pulled her out of a lousy five-and-dime, had wanted to marry her. But she had eloped with a road contractor. Well, hell, everyone reaches, kicks, fights and crawls up the ladder. It had been a good deal, and he had never discussed marriage with her. He should never have introduced her to the contractor at that party. However, she had handled the whole deal poorly. Sneaking, lying, insulting slut! Jake cut himself with the razor and cursed. How would he play it now? he wondered. There wasn't any use in getting involved again—not like he had been. Just let the cards fall. He put on



THE DUDE

"Hold it!"

some lotion, walked out and turned on the TV. A knock interrupted.

Jake turned the set off. "Come in," he said.

Quickly, a figure darted inside, slammed the door and leaned back against it. Each gazed at the other. Jake grinned. She wore an expensive looking dark dress, with a full skirt. Lil had always liked to dress well—on his money.

He went over and sat down on the edge of the bed. "Come on over, Lil." It was a command. "It's been a long time."

Slowly, she walked over. "Have a seat." Lillian sat down on the edge of a chair. "You made it over pretty fast," he said.

A faint frown passed across her face. "Jake, why did you want me here?"

He laughed. "An unnecessary question. How about a drink?"

"No thanks."

"Have a drink!"

"All right."

Jake poured bourbon into two glasses. A thirst seemed to haunt him. "Your husband had it rough on his turnpike contract. Lousy job, I understand."

Tossing her purse on the bed, Lillian accepted the glass from him. "Yeah," she admitted, "he lost everything but his shirt." Absently, she smoothed out the full skirt. "Jake, I'm awfully sorry your marriage didn't work out."

Turning away from her he bit down hard, tightening his jaw muscles. "My former wife had position and I had ambition," he said. "After she filed for divorce and the local paper started crusading against my election board, I didn't even run for a second term in the State Senate. Young Jake 'Cornbread' Madden, the boy from the hills, left public office." Bitterly, he laughed. "Not that I mind making mistakes, but I just hate to pay for them."

Lillian sighed and tipped the glass to her lips. "I guess that's right. And what are you going to do now that your candidate will be governor?"

Appraising her, he leaned back. Lovely breasts, face, hips, ankles. Damned attractive. "Officially, I'll be national committeeman. Also patronage dispenser, political expediter, organizer and chief adviser of the administration. In a word, I'll be governor—everything but title." He slid toward her.

Suddenly, reaching down, he took her skirt and threw it back. Grabbing the rolls of her red can-can, he pushed them up high. Her white skin gleamed.

She gasped, but did not move or look at him. "Please don't, Jake, please don't. I'll always be sorry for what happened."

"Always, your favorite word," Jake snapped. Roughly, he grabbed her blonde hair and jerked her face to him. "Let's see, Lil, how did it go? —'Don't ever leave, Jakie, I'll always need this wonderful lovin'! I'll always love you, Jakie, always.' Real good speeches, Lil. And the last one was great, too—'You're nothing, Jake, but a small-time hick politician! And that's all you'll ever be!' You were wrong, Lil. I proved it in the last couple of weeks. Worst attorney in the country and the best political organizer in the state." Releasing his grip on her hair, he walked away.

Jake turned and looked at her sitting there on the edge of the chair. She had crossed her legs and was holding her head in one hand. "Oh, Jake," she sobbed, "what difference does it all make now. Jakie, darlin', don't."

Vengeance, he thought, fruits of victory. Power, elation, strength flowed through him. It reminded him of the time he had scored on a 43-yard run as a second-string high school halfback—many years past. "Stand up!" he commanded. "Dammit, put your drink down! Hold your dress up! Higher!" Being a natural blonde, black had always looked good on her. It's funny, he thought, but her eyes aren't the least bit red. "Turn around! Slow!" He lit a cigarette.

"Jakie, honey," she whimpered.

"Shut up!" he ordered. "Now, turn around again. Slower!" He took several swallows of his drink. "Hold that damned red petticoat up!" Her waist looked no bigger around than the bourbon bottle on the table. Her garter belt was outlined under the black panties. "Look at me, Lil." Turning to him, she glanced up.

"Jakie, honey," she whispered, "please don't treat me like this. Please."

The empty glass shattered against the wall as he tossed it away. Gazing intently at her, he waited. A lovely picture, he thought. But this is more out of the past, a distorted rearrange-

(turn over)



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ment that has little meaning. Strange, but she reminded him of looking through a family album. She had kept her shapely legs close together. He put out his cigarette, grinding it back and forth.

"There's a lot of difference now, Lil," he said. "You had better cards once and played them. The difference is that I can hold up final estimates on your husband's jobs, give him the worst inspectors in the highway division, have all bids rejected when he's low and just generally raise hell." Jake put one foot upon a chair and rested his elbow upon his knee.

Cynically, he laughed. "This is the first time that bunch here at the capital backed the wrong man for governor in a Democratic primary in more than thirty years. When your old man went with them, he picked the wrong horse and there's no place or show money." Jake straightened up and stuck one thumb under the belt of his robe. "Lil, you had the finest legs in Okskokee county, and you would be in the running in this city."

She dropped her head and looked at the floor. "Isn't there anything I can do to have you stop this," she pleaded, pulling the massed material higher above her slender waist.

"You might back the Republican boy in the general election," he said. "Of course this state has never elected a Republican governor." Pausing, he sat down on the bed. With all the work and everything in the last few weeks, he felt tired suddenly. Lil made a good-looking, well-stacked woman. But something seemed empty. The older he became the easier it seemed to find women—and the less he gave a damn. He took a deep breath and let it out slowly, looking at her across the room.

"Forget about it," he said wearily. "If your husband doesn't go broke on his own and buys lots of tickets to the Jefferson-Jackson dinners, I'll leave him alone. I won't do him any favors, but I won't hurt him. You can go now."

She was surprised. Her mouth opened slightly. "But—but, Jake." Getting a firmer grip on her skirt and red can-can, she hugged the mass up against her breasts and moved her legs. "You could help him," she said softly. Then, slowly, she walked toward Jake.

She reminded him of brightly colored balloons bobbing on strings at a
(turn to page 74)



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country fair carnival. Lillian came up to Jake and put her arms around him.

Violently, he pushed her back, and she fell back upon the bed, legs flying up and feet kicking. "You waited too long," he said, hoping there was force in his tone. "You're just afraid, Lil. You used to be broke, nothing wrong with it. You can get used to red beans again. And maybe your husband won't go bankrupt." Jake wiped his forehead. "Your purse is on the bed beside you."

Trembling, Lillian smoothed out her skirt. Her lips tight together, she glanced up. "You're a first-class bastard!" she yelled. Taking her purse, she stumbled to the bathroom door. "The smartest thing I ever did was dropping you," she said and slammed the door. Jake heard water running.

Well, for him this was probably all over. Maybe he should have taken her. Beautiful woman. No, why get tied up again? Desperately, though, he wanted her. But they—friends, enemies, or women—can't cut you if you take away their knives. A noose can't strangle until it's around a

neck. Jack frowned. "Cornbread," he thought, "you're becoming a poet." Lillian stepped out of the bathroom.

With her eyes on the floor, she walked up to him. "Jakie, I'm—I'm sorry about what I said." She looked up. "Jakie, would you kiss me? For old times."

"All right," he said, reaching out. Her moving lips felt cool and moist. Her body, a fountain of caressing movement, came up forcefully against him. Hungrily, tenderly, angrily, hopefully, long, they held the kiss. He broke away from her lips and she dropped her head to his shoulder. "Oh, Jakie, Jakie, Jakie, darling," she whispered and turned her face up to him. Again she pressed her lips against his.

After what seemed a long time, he pushed her back. "Sit down," he ordered. "I'll be back in a minute." Cold water on his face felt good.

Wiping his face, he glanced up into the bathroom mirror. "Devil of a note," he mumbled to his image, shaking his head. "You're getting

soft, 'Cornbread.' If you handle her like you started doing, before these four years are out you'll be making speeches on good government to The League of Women Voters. To hell with it." Barbara wasn't due for several hours. He could work out something in the next few weeks. Jake kicked the door open.

"You mean nothing to me," he growled. A faint smile flashed across her lips.

"All right, Jakie," she whispered, "I understand, darlin'."

He reached for her lush body. "Remember, dammit, you don't mean anything to me," he repeated harshly.

Lillian looked at him from under half-closed lids. "Anything you say, Jakie," she sighed.

Tomorrow, he thought, I'll come up with a good way to handle this whole deal—and Barbara, too—like an old campaigner. It's only one day at a time. He felt certain that he could work the whole thing out without difficulty.



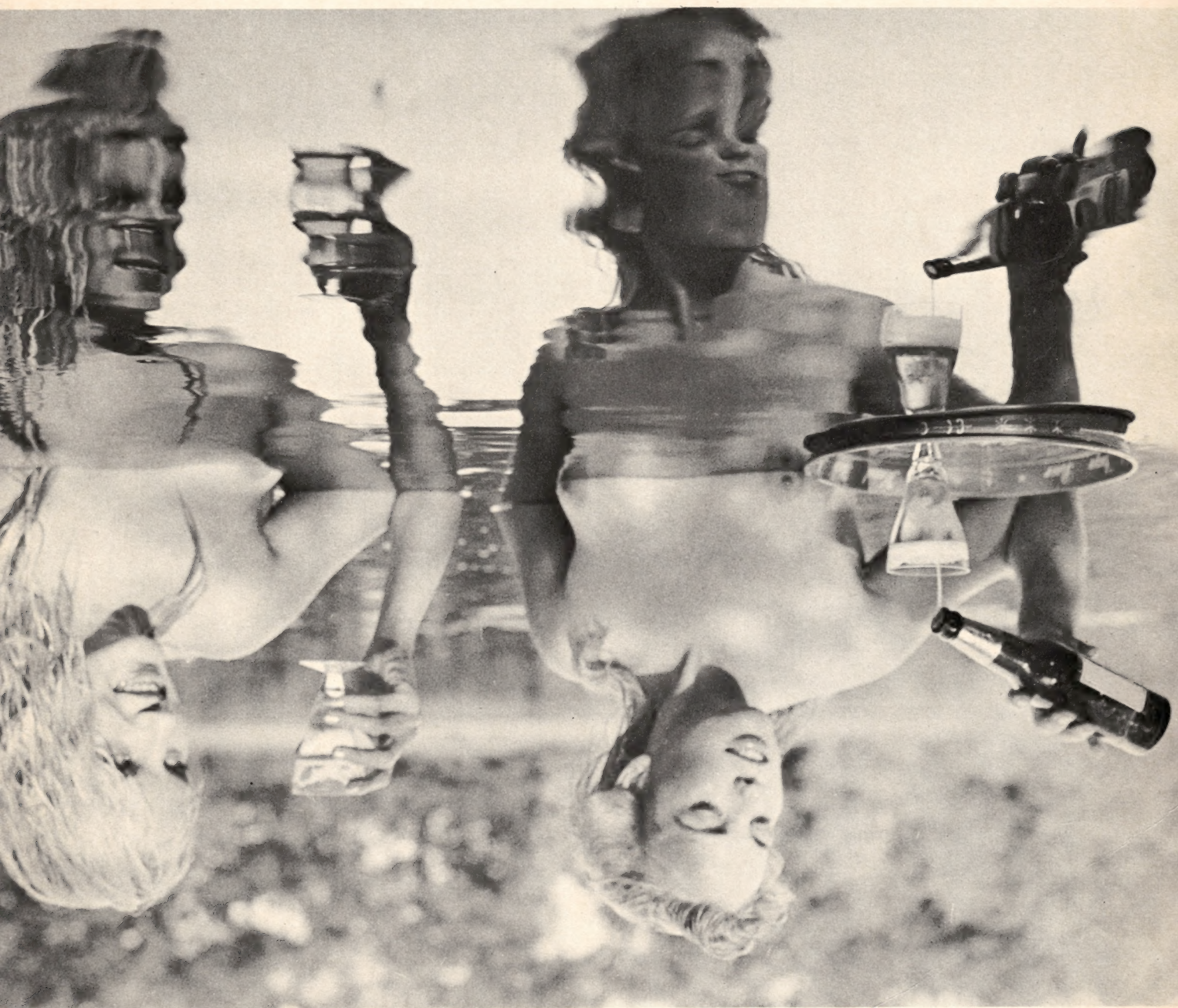
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see page 42.

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